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Anna R. Scott

An Autobiography of

Anna Kay Scott, M. D.

*Twelve Years a Missionary in Assam,
and Twenty-five Years a Medical
Missionary in China*

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and "Gleanings from the Journal of a
Medical Missionary"*



*Given by
Eleanor Ware*

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
MY CHILDREN
AND
GRANDCHILDREN

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Dedicatory Preface

The birds and the sunshine of thy heart,
Cherish, oh, friend of mine !
Ne'er may the warbling notes depart
Nor the laugh of the bright sunshine.
The fount of thy heart in thy childhood's hour,
High flashing was joyous and free ;
Time hath not wasted the beauteous dower,
The gift of thy God to thee.
Though sorrow came down as the tempest blast
And the pitiless pelting rain,
Lo ! the sunshine burst as the thick clouds passed
And the song of thy birds again !
Thou, lady, to me dost a lesson impart
How much better a smile than a sigh,
And the birds and sunshine of the heart
Than the gloom of a wintry sky.
And the weary with blessings shall gather around
To joy in thy fountain's play
In the sparkling wealth of thy heart's rebound
And gather the falling spray.

A MISSIONARY CO-WORKER.

An Autobiography

of

Anna Kay Scott

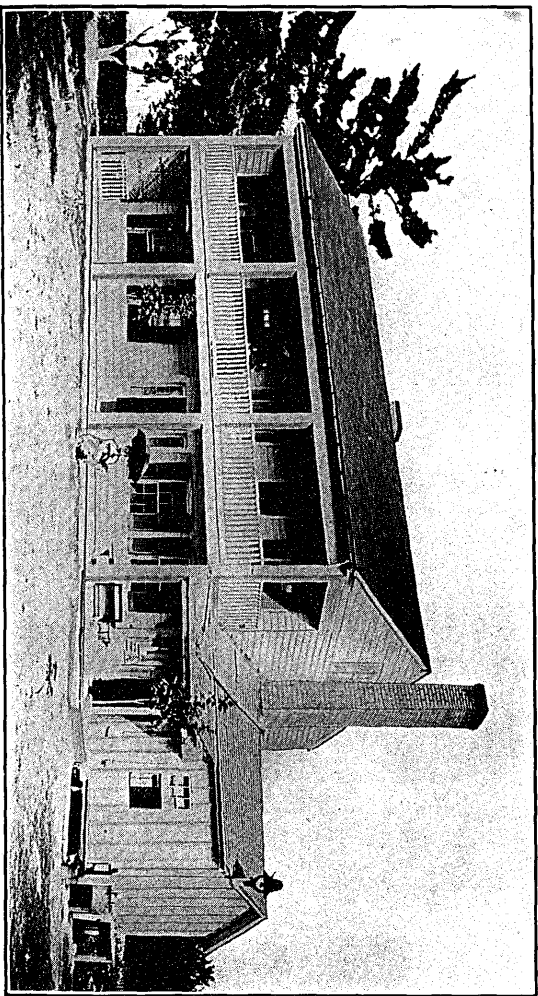
CHAPTER I

BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY CHILDHOOD

I WAS born April 20, 1838, in the village of Payson, Illinois. This village was named for Rev. Edward Payson, a celebrated New England minister. The early settlers of Payson were chiefly from New England. My Father was a Virginian by birth and had lived in Kentucky before removing to Illinois. He was a slaveholder, owning both cotton and tobacco plantations. The names of my parents were Robert Garnett and Cynthia Mills Kay. They removed to Illinois because they did not wish to bring up their sons under negro influence. Hence they braved the trials and hardships of a new and unsettled State. Chicago at that time had only a post-office and a blacksmith shop, each of them housed in a rude shanty. My Father took up a quarter section of land in

the county of Adams, a very unsettled county. The hardships encountered in making the journey from Kentucky in ox-carts to their almost wilderness and most uninviting rude new home were equal to those of any foreign missionary's. They were six weeks en route—the cooking and sleeping being in the ox-carts. When they reached their new home they were indeed a weary company, and I fancy a discouraged one. There was no house on their land and they were obliged to live for months with a settler who had built for himself a rude shanty. Logs were soon cut from the timber land and a rude log cabin put up. In this cabin they lived with their four children until a larger and better house could be built.

Several of the slaves whom my Father had set free had voluntarily accompanied the family in order to render aid in making a new home for their much loved master. Additions were made from time to time to the original log cabin until it became the very respectable looking house you see in the picture. This was my birthplace and home until I was married. My name as it stands in the family Bible, written in my Father's handwriting, is *Mildred Ann Hasseltine Judson Kay*. My Mother wished me to be called Mildred for her youngest sister who had died when eighteen years old, and my Father wanted



THE OLD HOMESTEAD

me to be named after the first Mrs. Judson, in whose work he was deeply interested. They decided to give me the names of both. There were eleven of us children and I was the seventh.

The earliest recollection I have of my individuality was the event of my sister's wedding which occurred when I was four years old. I distinctly recall the timid girl of sixteen, the handsome bridegroom and the tall, grave preacher who performed the ceremony. I felt an awe and a solemnity, and a conviction that marriage was something to be avoided. The young married couple went away for a honeymoon trip and when they had been gone a fortnight I said to my Mother, "Why does not Sister Sarah come home?" My Mother replied that my sister was married. "Yes, I know she was married, but I thought she had quit," I said. For years afterward my brother-in-law would say to me teasingly, "Well, Annie, you see we have not quit yet."

The second distinct recollection I have of my childhood is of my sitting on the kitchen table crying because I had no hat to wear to Sunday-school, and my Mother said I could not go. My heart was near to breaking when my sister Margaret came to my help by going into the attic and bringing an old discarded hat which

she had hastily trimmed with blue ribbon. I laughed for joy and wore the old hat to Sunday-school. I suppose the other children laughed at my hat but I was not in for style, I was in for my Sunday-school.

Another incident which stands out vividly in my memory is my study of the multiplication table under my Father's teaching. I did not enter any school until I was nine years old, but was taught by my Father. One day he gave me a long example which covered the whole of my big slate, and for the correct solving he gave me ten cents, the first money I ever earned.

The recollections of my childhood are pleasant. We children never wearied of wandering over the farm gathering hickory nuts, hazel-nuts, black walnuts and black haws. The chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys were our delight and daily care. A sparkling little brook which ran through the meadow absorbed more of our time than was good for regular, assigned work, for each child had his and her daily tasks and we were not allowed to shirk. Indeed we were a healthy, industrious family.

I remember one Saturday afternoon when my Mother sent my brother William to gather up the many goose eggs from the nests along the banks of the shaded brook. The brook was wonderfully attractive and William decided to

have a swim before he gathered the eggs. He lingered long, and Mother thought it best to send James to investigate the delay, and he too preferred to swim rather than to gather goose eggs. Charles was then sent and he too joined his brothers in swimming. Last of all my little brother Perrin was sent to call the brothers home bringing the eggs with them. But Perrin too was so charmed with the fun his three brothers were having that he stayed with them. Then Mother went herself and there was a quick rush for clothes and goose eggs and the whole party returned to the house. When Father returned from the village each boy received the reward of his deeds. William received the hardest whipping and Perrin the lightest.

The delightful gatherings we had around the huge fireplace with its glowing hickory logs, cracking nuts, roasting apples and potatoes while we told amusing stories, were greatly enjoyed by us all. The bread we liked much was the Kentucky "pone" made of white cornmeal mixed with water and salt and baked in the old-fashioned skillet. It tasted all the better for having the imprint of our Mother's hands.

Father and Mother were among the constituent members of the Baptist Church of Payson—they were regular attendants and the children usually all accompanied them to

church. One Sunday morning, however, five of the youngest of us stayed at home, and greatly to the grief of our parents we all went to the woods to hunt opossums. We found an opossum's nest in the hollow of a big tree with young opossums in it. That tree was always called by us the Big Tree and many were the visits we made to the interesting creatures living in the warm nest of the hollow.

My parents were very hospitable, the fine kind of hospitality shown by Kentuckians, and all the agents of all religious societies found a warm welcome at our house. Indeed not even a pedlar nor tramp was allowed to go uncared for. One evening when I was in the parlor playing the melodeon I heard a hoarse voice saying, "Charming, charming," and looking up I saw the bloated face of a drunkard pressed against the window pane. I hastily sought my Father, wondering what he would do with the drunken guest. I had never before seen a drunkard and I was afraid of him. Father led the man into the kitchen and Mother made a pallet for him on the floor and he was locked in the kitchen for the night. In the morning Father sent him, with many earnest words of warning and entreaty, on his way. The after results we never knew.

An early recollection of my Sunday-school

life is that of a minister who spoke to us from the words, "They that seek me early shall find me." The impression made by his words never left me and were the means used of God to lead me to become an earnest Christian. After the meeting of the Sunday-school closed I heard some of the critical members of our church say that the man who had spoken to the Sunday-school children was a "pokey" man and would never accomplish much good. It pained me deeply to hear these words and I then resolved that I would not ever criticise ministers of the Gospel—never "lay hands on the Lord's anointed." I am sure when I reach the better land I shall want to seek this man even if he was "pokey" and tell him what his words in the Payson Sunday-school had done for me. I want him to know that if I have ever been useful in the Christian work it is because of his words in our Sunday-school.

We children were obliged to walk two miles to school, often over snow-drifts higher than the rail fence of my father's farm, sometimes through rain and over muddy roads. As we always carried a bountiful lunch with us we did not make this two-mile trip but twice daily. No doubt the very active outdoor life we lived on the farm had much to do with our fine health and vigorous constitutions.

I was baptized and joined the church when I was twelve years old. It was in April and my sister-in-law—my eldest brother's wife—was baptized the same day. The day was one of great happiness to me, though I wore a red calico dress which was the best I had and I thought I was very well dressed! My dresses for every-day wear were of linsey-woolsey woven by my Mother, who spun and wove and colored the necessary material. I had only one calico dress and that was my "Sunday go-to-meeting" one. Calico was very expensive in those days.

April stands out in my memory as a very important month in my life. I was born, baptized and married in that month and my husband was also born, baptized and married in April. How many are the pleasant recollections I have of my early life and of the dear ones who composed our family circle! Many of the members of my Father's family are now in the heavenly world. I a little longer wait on earth.

When I entered school at nine years of age I was reading in McGuffey's Third Reader. My first teacher was a kind-hearted man, Blakeslie by name. One day when I was unusually lazy he thumped me on the head. Thereupon I covered my head with my Moth-

er's old black shawl which had a pretty red flower on one corner, and bowed my head on the desk until my teacher came and apologized for the thumping. Then I was happy and gave him one of my sweetest smiles. This was the only punishment I ever received in school.

My eldest brother having graduated at Shurtleff College took charge of the Payson Academy and became my teacher. When I was eleven years of age I heard him one evening say to my Father that he would like me to take up algebra and Latin. My Father thought me too young, but my brother replied I was quite ready for these studies. This brother died when I was twelve years old and I then had for my teacher Rev. J. O. Metcalf, a very able man and a fine teacher. He was deformed from the disease of rachitis, but far from being deformed mentally. His head and arms were normal, but the legs were so short that he could touch his ankles as he walked. This man had much influence in moulding my character and fitting me for a life of usefulness. After graduating from the Payson Academy I took a school in Columbus, Ill., where my brother James was practicing medicine.

CHAPTER II

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

MY first experience in teaching school was in a small red schoolhouse in Columbus, Ill. There were thirty boys and girls in my school—they were bright and attractive children and I learned to love them very much. I am a miserably poor disciplinarian and hence dread to come in contact with willful and disobedient children. One of the worst pupils was Jacob ———, who had given his former teachers much trouble and all my friends feared that I would fail in securing any degree of obedience from him. I won him by kindness and an acknowledged interest in his highest interests, and he became a very obedient, studious boy and was always ready to be my helper in any way possible. His parents thanked me heartily for the success with their hitherto disobedient son. I was quite proud of this new experience. One of the girls, Julia ———, was a fine scholar and I took much comfort in teaching her all she eagerly wished to learn and gave her music lessons at her home.

There were many of my pupils who were great comforts to me and whose after successful careers I have followed with lively interest, and when a fine matron sometimes meets me now, bringing her children to see her old teacher, I am glad I taught school in that little red schoolhouse.

One of my best pupils there was young Robert ———. He has become a very useful Christian man and is one of the finest architects in Denver. He is a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church and a power for good. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Denver after the death of her husband, Dr. James R. Kay, I was invited to the lovely home of this architect—his wife had been a pupil of mine when I taught with my sister, Margaret, several years afterward in the Quincy school—and I was indeed glad to see her again. Their fine family of children interested me much and when the architect brought a much-worn book which I had given him as a reward of merit when he left the little red schoolhouse for a higher grade of school, I recognized it as “Adventures with Wild Animals.” Both the father and children had read and reread the book and were intending to have it rebound and keep it as an heirloom of “the best teacher I have ever had.”

While I was in Columbus—I taught three years in the little red schoolhouse—I was visited often at the week-end by a young man who had come to be an interesting person to me. Indeed I had promised to marry him if my conscience would allow me to give up the thought of foreign missionary life. At any rate I much enjoyed his society and was always glad to see him, although I was not sure I should ever see my way clear to marry him. When I left the school at Columbus I entered as a student in that fine seminary for young ladies—Phipps Union Seminary at Albion, N. Y., where I graduated along with twenty-three fine young women, several of whom were daughters of professors in Rochester University. Previous to entering the seminary I had broken my quasi engagement to the very worthy young man mentioned above. He afterward married a woman well fitted to be his wife, and I dare say he was thankful that I had decided to be a foreign missionary instead of marrying him.

I wished to go as a teacher of a school for heathen children and a way seemed to open in that direction. One of the missionaries in Burmah offered me a position in a girls' school in Rangoon. I showed the letters offering me this position to my Father and he pronounced them too visionary for practical foreign mission

workers and strongly advised me to wait at least a year for further investigation. The result was that we found it not wise for me to take the position. It seems there was a claim to a special revelation from heaven by which this woman could find in the written characters of the Burmese language a revelation of God's will and purposes. She also claimed to read revelations in the figures of a carpet and those on wall paper. And so I kept on helping my sister Margaret in her school for young ladies in Quincy, Ill.

My pastor's widow, living in Sherburne, N. Y., wrote the secretary of our Society asking him if their rules permitted the sending out of unmarried ladies to the foreign mission field. The reply was that they were not sending single ladies and I must "await the openings of Providence." This meant that I must wait until a man asked me to go with him. It seemed rather a strange way to get a chance to go as a teacher to heathen girls—nevertheless I gave myself with new energy to teaching the young ladies in my sister's school. These young ladies became my very warm friends and I have followed their subsequent careers with much interest and was not at all conscious that I was waiting for a husband to take me with him to the foreign work. I never for one moment

gave up the idea of going as a foreign missionary. When I was a small child I used to take my Mother's hymn book, the old "Psalmist," and for hours would rehearse that old hymn :

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well.
Friends, connections, happy country
Can I leave thee—can I leave thee
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

And hence I tried to study the Greek language at the Quincy College while I taught in my sister's school. At this time I received a letter from a young gentleman who was under appointment to go as a foreign missionary. He had heard of me through my pastor's wife, Mrs. Ferguson, of New York, and what he had heard prompted him to write me asking if I could favorably consider the idea of going with him as his wife to Assam, in case a personal visit from him should so incline me.

And although I had resolved never to marry I asked this gentleman to come to Quincy on a certain date and I would talk the matter over with him ! He came and we found our experiences were very similar. He too had broken an engagement of marriage because the young lady would not go to a foreign land. We together visited my parents at Payson and while there we were engaged.

This gentleman's name was Edward Payson Scott. His parents had dedicated him to foreign mission work at his birth, but fearing the name of Judson might make him decide to be a foreign missionary when he had no call from God to that work they gave him the name of Edward Payson.

When my Father and Mother were asked if they were willing to give their daughter to go with a comparative stranger to a far distant land they replied with tearful eyes, "We feel that the Lord is guiding in this matter and we dare not oppose." My old teacher and former pastor, Rev. J. O. Metcalf, was a guest at our house at this time and read for morning prayers the decision of Rebecca when she was asked, "Wilt thou go with this young man? And she said, 'I will go.'" And so the young man went back to his home at Lyndon, Ill., with the understanding that he was to come for our wedding April 30, 1861.

We were married in the little meeting-house at Payson and began at once to make preparations for our long voyage to Assam. But the Civil War having broken out our Society asked that we wait a year before sailing. Mr. Scott, therefore, took a temporary pastorate at Jacksonville, Ill., and the following year he preached for the Bluffville church at York, Ill. Many

warm friendships were formed in both of these places—friendships which lasted during all succeeding years.

While at Bluffville we received marching orders for Assam June 20, 1862, in the old ship *Art Union*, Captain Thayer. We were four months to a day on this sailing vessel and only sighted land once on the whole voyage. We were carried by contrary winds to within six miles of the little village of Macao on the coast of Brazil. We were the only passengers and I the only woman. I was deathly seasick for the first four weeks, not being able to leave my bed. The last three months did not pass as wearily as one might think, for we enjoyed each other's society immensely. We studied astronomy with the captain, who was a fine student in that study, we read our Greek Testaments, we made lovely mats from bunting given us by the captain, read many interesting books, wrote many letters and sang many hymns as I played on the little melodeon we had with us. We both learned to use the sextant and took daily our latitude and longitude.

Our captain took a more southerly course than usual around Cape of Good Hope and we encountered severe snow storms, the weather being so cold that icicles hung from our cabin roof and the ship's rigging was stiff with ice.



REV. AND MRS. E. P. SCOTT

We tasted for the first time shark's flesh, which, if one has lived on hardtack and salt beef for some time, is quite good eating. Some very heavy storms and two hurricanes were experienced. There were days when our little ship lay in the trough of the sea with huge waves beating over us. Occasionally a big wave broke through our port-holes and all our belongings were deluged with salt water and then we were kept busy drying our clothes and bedding. At the present time how different a voyage to Calcutta!

One day as the storm had abated somewhat I ventured to the door of the ship's saloon and was astonished to see just over a big wave another sailing vessel directly in front and coming toward us. I called to the captain and he said, "It is impossible." I bade him look carefully and he saw the vessel and called out at the top of his voice, "Ship about," and we changed our course and avoided a collision by not more than twelve feet. The captain said I saved the ship and the man on the lookout got a severe wiggling.

CHAPTER III

THE CITY OF PALACES, AND A HOME IN ASSAM

WE reached Calcutta, which on account of the many fine buildings has been called the City of Palaces, on the twentieth of June. We were indeed happy to set foot once more upon terra firma, and at once set about making purchases for our Assam home. But on account of the great Doorga Pooja festival the shops were closed and we could not make the needed purchases until the close of the festival celebration. Meanwhile we visited various places of interest. As the city is named in Hindustanee language Kali Ghatta and means the landing place of Kali, the wife of Siva, we naturally chose this place for our first visit. The temple of the goddess Kali stood on the bank of the river. The image of Kali was most revolting, being pictured with a long blood-red tongue to show how much she enjoyed the blood of human beings offered to her in sacrifice.

The dungeon called The Black Hole of Cal-

cutta is still shown at Fort William. A monument fifty feet high was built in memory of the British garrison who were suffocated in a small dungeon eighteen feet square with only small barred windows on one side. Of the 146 men who were shut up in this dungeon by Surajah Dowlah, the Indian ruler of Bengal, only twenty-three survived. One can imagine the agony of these men shut up for the whole night in this dreadful place. The English retook Calcutta the next year and have held it ever since.

As soon as the shops were opened we gathered together such needed articles as could not be bought in Assam, and yet were necessary for comfortable living, and took passage in a river steamboat for our future home. The Asiatic cholera was raging fearfully in the villages along the bank of the river, and in one day we counted one hundred bloated corpses floating down the river.

There were two barges attached to our steamer for the purpose of carrying coolies to the tea gardens of Bengal and Assam. Many of these coolies died of cholera and our eyes were obliged to see some gruesome scenes. Women tore the jewels from the ears and noses of dying relatives. Scarcely had life left the body before a corpse was thrown into the river and floated down-stream along with the many

cast in by the villagers. Both the Ganges and the Brahmapootra are considered sacred rivers. I saw village women and men go into the river and drink the water from the side of a bloated corpse. "The river is sacred—nothing can defile it—nothing can cause this holy water to harm us." Thousands of the people died and no sanitary nor medical means were taken to stay the ravages of the cholera god. "If it is written on our foreheads that we are to die of cholera nothing can save us and we must not fight against the will of the gods." I am happy to say that the English government soon after this time took vigorous measures to stop this dreadful practice.

Every night when our steamer anchored the jackals came in numbers to the river bank, howling in a most ear-splitting way over the corpses of those who had washed ashore. Our captain said he understood the language of the jackals as they called out, "Dead Hindoo, dead Hindoo," while a beast in the distance would reply, "Where? where?" and the reply would be, "Here, here."

You can see my first impressions of my future mission field were not very pleasing. A number of tea planters were on board our steamer en route to the Assam tea gardens. At this time the cultivation of the tea was

quite extensively carried on and much tea was sent to England under the name of the English breakfast tea. My husband and I had never been tea drinkers at home, but when we found how vile the river water was, and we had no other water to drink during all the years in Assam, we preferred to have it well boiled and made into tea. We had no means for sterilizing the water except by boiling, and we had no proper filter, only one made of sand and charcoal, using several perforated and porous jars, one above the other.

We were a month on our way to our home in Assam. We left the steamer at Tezapore and spent one night in a postal service bungalow, called a dak bungalow. All night the tigers prowled around this frail building and we knew not what moment they would force their way in. Early the next morning we mounted the elephants, sent us by missionary associates at Nowgong, to make the twenty-mile journey through the jungle to our future home. Here we were most cordially welcomed by our associates, Dr. and Mrs. Bronson and the native converts, and we felt that we had at last reached a real home.

We were weary with the unusual jolting of an elephant ride, but nevertheless I learned my first Assamese words as I enquired what the

Assamese people meant by calling out, "Ki hol," as they ran in an excited manner through the house to see an elephant trying to run away. They told me "Ki hol" meant "What is the matter?" Associating the words with our key-hole it was easy to remember always. Nowgong gets its name from "now," nine, and "gong," a village.

Our house was made of bamboo walls plastered with mud, with a thatch roof and teak pillars brought from Burmah. The lower floor was surrounded by bamboo latticework and was used as a storeroom, being too damp to use as living-rooms. The intense heat of the hot season made it necessary to have high ceilings and large rooms.

During the first year of our stay in Nowgong we occupied the house with the Bronsons. Of this noble couple of pioneer missionaries I can only write in terms of highest praise. They have long since passed into the heavenly land but their works still follow them, and I am sure their memory is blessed and hallowed all through that land where they so faithfully labored. We at once commenced the study of the language and found great delight in it. It is not a difficult language like the Chinese and Japanese, and in six months we were able to read the New Testament and lead in the prayer-

meetings. We were sent out to work among the Mikirs of Assam. As these people lived on the hills we were desirous of making our home among them. These people put up a rude dwelling house and schoolhouse for us. They had no written language and we at once set about learning to talk and later on putting their language into the Romanized character. But in the midst of our work we were seized with malarial fever. Our little son Ernest, then about a year old, was an intense sufferer and his disease terminated in brain fever. We were obliged to leave our home on the mountains and return to Nowgong.

For days and weeks we watched anxiously over our darling boy and finally he came back to life and health but we, ourselves, never recovered our health until we took a four months' sea voyage. We never again dared to go to the hills to live, but gathered the young men and women into schools at Nowgong.

The thirty young men in our normal school spoke six different languages—they were from other hill tribes as well as from the Mikirs—and we used the Assamese language as a medium of communication. These young men all became Christians and most of them became helpers in our mission work. One young Mikir, Sar Doka, afterward studied English at Serampore,

my brother Perrin Kay paying all expenses of his education. He was for a number of years an assistant to the Deputy Commissioner as clerk. He was the only Mikir at that time who had studied English sufficient to talk and write it. The last years of his life he spent as a teacher of his own people and was doing a very promising work when that dread disease, Asiatic cholera, carried him off after less than a day's illness. His faith in Christ was very sincere and he often surprised us by his application of Bible truth to every-day life.

Sunday, January 10, 1869, we experienced a very severe shock of earthquake. I had just closed my Bible class of young men and was sitting quietly reading letters from the dear home people when I heard the rumbling as of a distant freight train. Previous to this a few minutes, I had noticed that the atmosphere seemed exceedingly lifeless and oppressive. Soon the house began to rock and the frail bamboo walls to bend. Then there was crash after crash as cupboards, wardrobes and mirrors were thrown down. I rushed from the house calling to the native nurse to bring the baby with her to the foot of the stair steps where I was, but the nurse, who was a Hindoo woman, stood paralyzed with fear, calling upon the Hindoo gods, Brahma, Krishna and Shiva,

to have mercy and make the elephant stop his shaking. She with other Hindoos believed that the earth stood on the back of an elephant and an earthquake was caused by the shaking of the elephant! I was obliged to pull the nurse down the steps while I seized the child and hurried into the yard just as the steps fell to the ground. The Assamese Christians and many heathen gathered from all quarters and we all sat on the ground—we could not stand on account of the terrible shaking. The fowls and goats ran hither and thither in great fear and our little pony Neddie whinnied pitifully for help. The clocks stopped and the river set up-stream for half an hour or more. The earth opened in huge cracks and the yard where we all sat rose in apparent wavelets. The voice of prayer rose from our little group and one read, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," etc. There were seventeen shocks following the first great one.

The effect of these words of the Psalmist and the quiet dignity of the reader had a quieting influence—the earth grew more quiet and all breathed more freely as the people scattered to their houses, many of which were badly damaged by the earthquake. Our house was so badly injured that we were obliged to spend the night in the house of one of our native

Christians. For two weeks there were tremors of the earth and I knew not if a more severe earthquake might come at any moment. Mr. Scott at once set about the repairing of the house so that we might again live in it in comfort. The heat was intense though it was in the middle of our cold season, and Mr. Scott was much overpowered by it and he never fully recovered from it. A heat stroke in Assam is a serious experience.

Our days were crowded with work—our valued co-workers, the Bronsons, had taken up work in Gowhatty and we had three schools, the evangelistic work of the whole district and the care of the native church. Our church members were not self-reliant and self-supporting as are the Chinese Christians—they liked to be coddled and some of them were “rice Christians.” Poor things! when they became Christians they were banished from their homes and lost their property. The missionaries felt inclined to give them either work or money—this was often a difficult task as the Assamese regarded manual labor as degrading. For this reason Mr. Scott often led them, teaching them to work with their hands for a living. This had a good influence upon them.

One of the young men in our Nowgong Normal School was a Mikir named Habe. He was

of a cheerful, happy disposition and greatly endeared himself to all by his helpful, unselfish conduct. During an epidemic of cholera he was attacked with the dreaded disease. Mr. Scott and I spent the whole night endeavoring to cure this fine young man. He had become a Christian and was zealous in behalf of the salvation of his countrymen. He recovered from cholera and was very grateful to Mr. Scott and myself for so faithfully caring for him in his illness. But he did not ask to be baptized and join the church, and when asked why he did not join our little band of Assamese Christians he replied, "I fear if I did I could not help my mother in the world hereafter. She was a good woman and lived up to all the light she had. But she never heard of Christ and the way of salvation through him—hence I suppose she could not go to heaven but must forever remain in a place of punishment. If she had heard of Christ I am sure she would have believed in him. Seeing she cannot go to heaven I have decided not to be called a church member and hence will be sent to the place of punishment where my mother is and I hope to be of some help and comfort to her in that dreadful place." I told him if his mother lived up to all the light she had he must not worry about her but leave her case in the hands of

Christ himself who would do as well for his mother as he did for babes and the imbeciles. He then joined the church and has proved faithful.

One of the Naga tribes living on one of the ranges of hills north of us was a very savage and warlike one and the government had tried in vain to get an influence over them. Mr. Scott felt that he must take the Gospel message to them. The government officers, British, urged him not to undertake so hazardous a task. No British officer had ever been able to enter their hills. A young Naga man who wished to marry must show thirty skulls of human beings before he was considered brave enough to defend a wife. These skulls were worn as a necklace and were usually the only covering he had except a fringed loin covering. When the weather was cold they threw about them a heavy, colored blanket. These Naga men all carried long spears and sometimes they were poisoned ones which carried death to their enemies.

Mr. Scott took no soldiers to protect him—his Bible and violin were his weapons of defence. With his violin in hand and a prayer for these savage men he assayed to enter the fastnesses of their hills. He must pass through a narrow defile. When he reached this place he found twelve savage warrior chiefs ranged

on either side of this narrow defile. They raised their spears as Mr. Scott approached as if to pierce him with them all. Just at this moment the violin poured forth its sweet strains, and the voice of the singer rang out in the words, "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" Those men were entranced with the music and one by one they dropped their spears and eagerly asked that the music go on. Thus the whole defile was traversed and Mr. Scott had made his entrance into their land by a violin! They said, "You may come and stay among us as long as you wish if you will bring that violin with you."

They were always friendly after that and listened to the missionary as he told them of the one true God who was merciful and kind to all his creatures and who had opened a way of eternal happiness to all who would avail themselves of it. Their young men came down to our normal school and became teachers of their own people when they returned to the hills. Thus was the tact and skill of a missionary and a violin made useful in our work.

And now came a day of thick darkness and sorrow. Asiatic cholera visited our district and carried off thousands of the people. Mr. Scott was called for day and night to attend the sick and dying.

CHAPTER IV

A DAY OF DARKNESS

EARLY in the morning of May 18, 1869, the missionary was seized with that dreadful disease—Asiatic cholera. We did all we could to arrest the disease, but all in vain. There was an apothecary on our Compound and he was called at once—there was no doctor to be had. The apothecary was drunk and though his faithful wife did all she could to help in this time of dire need, Mr. Scott sank rapidly and at three P. M. he closed his eyes to all earthly things. I had asked him a few moments before his death if he had peace in his heart. He replied, "Yes, Perfect Peace." The Deputy Commissioner was kindness itself and aided much in the last sad rites. He officiated at the funeral, using the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Scott was laid away in the little Nowgong cemetery. Part of this cemetery had been consecrated by the Episcopal bishop, but none of the Dissenters were allowed burial there. When I said to our good Deputy Commissioner that it seemed

to me a sad state of affairs that my husband must lie in unconsecrated ground while the wicked and dissipated young Englishmen were buried in consecrated ground, he bade me remember that my husband was himself consecrated, while "those poor chaps have no consecration—never had any consecration except the ground which covers them." When strength and life came back to me I gradually took up my husband's mission work, in addition to my own, and carried it on until the Mission Society sent other workers. Then I removed to Gowhatty and worked for the Woman's Missionary Society for four years. I had a monument erected for Mr. Scott's grave on which was the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. Edward Payson Scott, American Missionary—born April 7, 1832—died May 18, 1869."

"If life be not in length of days,
In furrowed brow and silver hair,
But living to a Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou."

In 1873 I took my three children to the homeland and gave myself to their education. I graduated in medicine that I might better provide for them. I practiced medicine for twelve years in Cleveland, Ohio. I hope my children

will never forget how much they and I owe our dear Sister Finette, Mrs. T. T. Seelye, for her great kindness to us. She was a mother to Ernest and Mary during the years I was in the medical college and to her I owe the inspiration which led me to become a doctor.

For further particulars of my life in Assam I must refer you to my little book, "Korno Siga, or Life in Assam," published by the American Sunday-School Union, 1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. I wish, however, to quote here two poems written by our Assam missionary poet, Rev. Wm. Ward, D. D.

MEMORIAL OF REV. EDWARD PAYSON SCOTT

With morning's earliest beam,
In a far Orient land,
A dream, a more than dream
Fell on a sleeping band.
'Twas shadow, yet 'twas light
Like Morn's mysterious strife.
'Twas day, and yet 'twas night,
'Twas death, and yet 'twas life.

A man of God and she
Who wrought life's psalm with him
And tender offspring three —
Five bars for their sweet hymn !
For days among life's strings
An unseen hand had felt,
And there were sounds of wings,
Whene'er in prayer he knelt.

He fought the Christian's fight
And wears the victor's crown,
And on a throne of light
Is with his Lord set down.
Not for himself alone
Truth's banner he unfurled,
The conflict was his own,
His victory for the world.

His last words, "Perfect peace,"
Those heavenly beaming eyes
Proclaim a soul's release,
That ne'er in dying dies !
Raise not a wailing note
For him who now is free ;
A banner well might float
With shout of victory.

But who are these that stand —
These stalwart men in tears ?
Ah, 'tis his much loved band
Of swarthy mountaineers :
He won them for his Lord
And calmed each savage breast
By Christ's all conquering word
And led them to his rest.
Yea weep, oh, mountain men,
Around that marble brow ;
Ah, who o'er hill and glen
Shall light your watch fires now ?

AFFLICTION

There are some gifts that Heaven denies
More blest withheld than richly given ;
There are some storms that darkly rise
That make another's earthly heaven.

We know not till the middle day
What tokens best befit the dawn
The clouds that weep our morn away
Fit oft for Heaven's serenest ray
When the full strength of life comes on.
That is not life which life we call : —
This flash of light, this inch of time
Is not our all and to be all : —
'Tis scarce a shadow's sudden fall
Of our great coming life sublime.
But though untouched some earthly strings,
In the deep spirit calm and still,
There wake mysterious murmurings,
Sweet as a guardian angel flings
From his own harp's immortal thrill.
O say not that the life is blest
That brightens most our earthly years ;
Deem not that life is sorely pressed
That wings not from a changeless breast
An immortality of tears !

I also beg to insert the following lines written
by a Chicago gentleman who knew the departed
missionary :

Let the hills bow in grief for the minstrel departed,
Whose viol and voice could the savages tame :
The wildest of the tribes may lament broken hearted,
The friend of Assam they can never more claim.
Yet joy to those hillmen whose spirits he gladdened:
His feet on the mountains had beauty to them :
Though his flight for a season their hearts may have
saddened,
In his crown of rejoicing will each be a gem.

He could not grow weary of work for the Master
While the heathen around him were shrouded in
gloom,
And the plague with its terrors was pleading the faster
For aid to the dying and hope in the tomb.
He could not grow weary for love the evangel
Refreshing his zeal, it could never abate :
And death could not conquer, but came like an angel
To post him to heaven and open the gate.

The dear old secretary of our Society wrote thus of Mr. Scott: "He had breadth, tact, facility of movement, persistence and genuine force. He possessed an uncommon power to lay hold of men and mould their character. His crowning excellence was his Christian spirit, giving tone to all he did and never forsaking him. He had clear and comprehensive ideas of the work before him and a wonderful grasp on the resources of the gospel. A manly man was he and a fully developed Christian. He will be greatly missed and sincerely mourned."

The devotion of the native converts to their teacher was very touching to me. For many nights after my sad bereavement, when the light of my mortal life had gone out, the Christian women came and slept on our veranda, hoping thus to relieve my loneliness and sense of loss. The students of the normal school were very loyal to me during those dark days and the preachers came to me regularly for aid in

preparing their sermons. I kept charge of the schools and cared faithfully for my three children, the youngest of whom was but three weeks old when the father died.

The work went on successfully and when our good missionaries of Sibsagar, Dr. and Mrs. Ward, came to my aid in August they found a deep interest in spiritual things in the little church.

After my removal to Gowhatty I gave myself to the work among the women and girls of that place and to the instruction of my normal school pupils who went with me to Gowhatty. In April, 1873, I went, in company with Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Comfort, to Calcutta and took a steamer via the Suez Canal to England, and from thence to my home in Payson, Ill. It was a joy to me that my parents still lived in the old homestead. I tried to teach the school of the highest grade in the Payson school, but I made a failure of managing the very unruly boys of that school. I then went back to the Medical College in Cleveland, from which I graduated in 1878 and at once commenced the practice of medicine in Cleveland.

CHAPTER V

MEDICAL WORK IN CHINA

WHEN I wrote my little book, "Korno Siga, or Life in Assam," I was ready to return to the work in Nowgong, Assam, where I had spent eight years in evangelistic work with my husband, the Rev. E. P. Scott. After his death I became a missionary of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of the West, in which work I continued four years, and until I was compelled to return to the homeland with my three children. Sixteen years I found myself very busy in the homeland, four years studying and graduating in medicine and twelve years in medical practice, thus finding the financial means for the education of my children.

With my children grown up and prepared to take their places in Christian work at home, I again felt drawn to the much loved work in Assam. But at this time a woman medical worker was much needed in Swatow, China, to take the place left vacant by our noble and faithful doctor, Caroline Daniells, who was

compelled to return to the United States by failing health. A woman doctor did not seem especially needed in Assam—one was greatly needed in Swatow, China—and so I turned my face to a new field of work with the necessity of learning a very difficult language and working for the health of both body and soul of a very different people from the Assamese. Many of my friends have often asked why I did not return to the field of my first love and to the place made sacred by my husband's grave. The reasons given above show why I did not go to Assam.

In October, 1889, accompanied by my youngest son who went as a traveller at his own expense, I took passage in the old steamer *Belgie* for China. There were on board this steamer sixteen other Baptist missionaries, the greater number of whom were for Japan. The *Belgie* had been newly painted and we were crowded into very small quarters. I was seasick and miserable for the first part of the voyage, and my heart yearned for the companionship of the dear ones I had left in Cleveland. However, the uncomfortable days ended, as all such days do if you give them time, and on November 6th we found ourselves in beautiful Japan after three weeks on the unpacific ocean.—I wonder any one should have named it

the Pacific Ocean.—On the 15th of November we reached Swatow, having been about a month on the way from San Francisco. The peaceful beauty of our Swatow Compound—made beautiful and homelike by the Ashmores—was indeed very pleasing to me, and the three weeks spent with the Partridges were most pleasant and restful. I began the study of the language at once. It was the more difficult for me as I was fifty years old. I got the dogs and the monkeys mixed very often, but the Chinese were wonderfully kind and patient. The Chinese for dog in the Swatow dialect is Káu and for monkey Kâu, the only difference being in the tone.

I found many of the Chinese rather skeptical about the woman doctor's ability to treat their many big diseases, and I had to convince them I was a full-fledged M. D. with twelve years' practice in the homeland. The members of my Mission stood by me and some of them went with me to the various cities and large villages, where I established dispensaries which I visited fortnightly. Some of my experiences at these dispensaries may be worthy of recital.

At one village I found a woman lying on the floor of her little hut. She had been given up to die, and it was the custom of the Chinese to

put all dying persons on the floor. I found she was not dying, though she had had nothing to eat or drink for twenty-one days except a teaspoonful of dried crab-apple tea three or four times daily. She was really starving to death. She was literally covered with vermin and her clothes filthy in the extreme. A Christian Chinese woman who acted as my assistant aided me in relieving the trying situation. She and I undertook to place her on the bed. Her relatives strenuously objected to our doing so. They said the bed could never be used by any one after a dead body had lain on it. I assured them she was not dead and I hoped to cure her and make a well woman of her. They laughed to scorn my idea of curing a dead woman and positively refused to allow me to place her on the bed. Finally I agreed to buy the bed, vermin covered as it was, and pay them the price of a new one. To this they agreed and my helper and I put her on the bed. I hastily prepared some condensed milk and gave her a teaspoonful of it. Repeating this for several hours, she began to show signs of reviving. I also gave her several doses of quinine and when she was strong enough to be gently sponged with warm water we made her filthy body ready for clean clothes. Her relatives had bought her a suit of clothes to be buried in,

and they lay upon her coffin ready to be used even before the breath left her body. I proposed putting them on the sick woman now that she showed evidence of getting well. But again the relatives refused my request, saying she would surely die, and these clothes were for her burial. I bought the clothes, giving the relatives the price of a new suit. After her bath and the putting on of new clothes she took more food with relish, and smiled a feeble thank you. I learned then that the Chinese always wish to see their coffins and grave-clothes before dying. They say it gives them comfort to know that they are to have a respectable appearance before they are put in the ground. A dying woman will lovingly pat her grave-clothes!

The woman recovered and the story went far and wide that the foreign woman-doctor had raised a dead woman to life. This report brought to me many patients from all the villages around and my patients sometimes numbered 200 a day! To attend to these I was obliged to commence work at four in the morning and continue until ten at night, barely taking time for a cup of tea and a biscuit when I was so exhausted that I could work no longer.

I had no trained medical assistants but there were days when my daughter, now Mrs.

Waters, and Miss Dunwiddie, now Mrs. Kemp, would give me a little help when they could get time from their evangelistic work. I had tried in vain to get a class of young Chinese women to train as hospital medical helpers. The parents strongly objected to their daughters doing such work. They said woman's place was in the house cooking their rice and attending the little children. A few years after I had a Bible woman who was a remarkably capable woman. She was the daughter of one of our best Chinese preachers and was a noble Christian woman. I wish to tell you something of this woman's early life and her work in the Martha Thresher Hospital along with me. Her name was A Khue—we always called her "Sister Speed." The Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church of Cleveland supported her.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had been among the early missionaries of Swatow. They were faithful in their work and much beloved by the Chinese. Mr. Johnson's grave is in our Swatow cemetery. Mrs. Johnson remained on after her husband's death. She had a fine school for Chinese girls.

Sister Speed had been a pupil in Mrs. Johnson's school for girls and had been admirably trained both in Christian doctrine as well as in Christian living. When she decided to have

her feet unbound she met with cruel opposition from her village people. Her father, however, stood by her faithfully, but even he could not always shield her. At that time it was the general belief that women and girls with unbound feet were prostitutes. A Khue was often obliged to take refuge on the housetops—even here they pelted her with clods and stones while they called out all the vile words imaginable in derision of the girl with big feet. The suffering in unbinding her feet was almost equal to the torture of binding them.

The agony of the poor little Chinese children in having their feet bound appealed greatly to my sympathy and I have begged their mothers to stop the cruel procedure. I am sorry to say they did not heed my words but would only draw the bandages tighter. Some years after I was called upon to treat these same children whose feet had mortified from the tight binding and the feet of some had to be amputated. Sister Speed had a lively sympathy for the little children with bound feet and worked with me in trying to abolish this cruel custom among the women of South China.

Sister Speed had married when only eighteen years old a Chinese preacher, but he lived only a few years. When I reached Swatow she was very ill with what her friends thought

an incurable disease. She had done faithful work as a Bible woman and was much beloved by all the missionaries. Hence all were very desirous that all possible effort be put forth for her recovery. I visited her and found her in the very depths of despair. She said she had only a few days to live and why should I try to help her. Her coffin and grave-clothes were made ready for her and she said she would very soon use them. I begged hard to get her to consent to come to the Martha Thresher Hospital and give me a chance to cure her. At last she consented and with Heaven's blessing she began to improve at once. Her nerve explosions soon ceased and she began to take a lively interest in other sick people. I chose her of all the Chinese Christian women I knew as my hospital Bible woman and a noble and useful worker she proved in abolishing the foot-binding of the patients, in watching over them in their sickness and suffering, teaching the heathen the way of eternal life and in comforting the opium smokers who were striving to give up the demoralizing habit. Of these I had 400 in one year as patients in my hospital, all men.

When I reach the heavenly land one of the very first I shall be glad to greet will be Sister Speed of blessed memory. She died of typhoid

fever while I was away on my first furlough eight and one-half years after I joined the work in Swatow. She had grieved much when I left for my furlough—had followed me to the steamer and weeping and sobbing had said, "I shall see your face no more; I shall die before you return." I loved her dearly and my tears fall now while I write of her. She had one daughter—her son-in-law Sokhi has long been my faithful helper in medical work. He has for years been supported by H. A. Sherwin of Cleveland and is still supported by his widow. Sokhi is not only faithful in caring for the sick—he is also earnest in evangelistic work and is one of the most active and reliable members of the church.

Soon after my arrival in Swatow I saw the need of a hospital in Kit Yang. I had investigated the needs of many other places before I decided that we must have a hospital at Kit Yang as well as at Kakchich, Swatow. For several years I alternated between the two places, spending a fortnight at Kit Yang in dispensary work and the same length of time in hospital work at Kakchich. Some of my experiences at Kit Yang were very amusing.

Early one morning I was aroused by a clamor of voices caused by the arrival of a boat-load of people from a distant village. As it was four

o'clock, and I had slept but little on account of the rats running over my bed all night, I was not in a very enthusiastic mood for seeing patients. However, I quickly dressed and went out to see the crowd of patients. Among them were six old women who had suffered much from fever, intermittent. They had heard of the wonderful white medicine of the Western doctor which cured fever such as they had. They begged me to give them enough to relieve them. I gave them each six powders of four grains each, to be taken one powder every four hours. I have found this will usually break up any ordinary attack of malaria. The Chinese at that time much preferred the powder to any other form of quinine. The more bitter the medicine the greater the faith in drugs. With many thanks the six women left for their village. On the third day I was surprised to see them all at my dispensary again. They asked for more of that very wonderful white medicine. They said they had felt fine and had not had a return of the fever since taking the quinine. I asked if they had followed my directions in taking it. They replied that they had thought it better to take all the six powders in one dose! They had thrown the whole thirty-six powders into a kettle of boiling water and had boiled them, paper and all, until the paper was reduced

to pulp and the boiling process had gone on for four hours afterward. Then they divided the liquid into six parts and each woman had eagerly swallowed her portion. And now we are "ten parts well" (that is perfectly well) and come for some powders for our relatives and friends. Confidence in both paper and medicine was unlimited.

A man was brought to my dispensary with a huge ulcer on the calf of his leg extending to the very bone. And myriads of maggots were feeding voraciously upon the flesh! This huge ulcer was eight by four inches (in speaking of it to an audience in Indianapolis I said by mistake that the ulcer was eight by four *yards*, and I did not notice my mistake until the audience rippled with laughter). As the man looked so very weak and emaciated I ordered first that he have his daily portion of rice. He said to me, "I cannot eat until I feed the maggots." Saying this he took a portion of the rice and applied it to the ulcer and then went on to eat in comfort. The task of cleaning and curing that ulcer was no light task for my assistants and myself. In time he recovered.

One poor man who had gangrene of the foot was told that only an amputation would serve to save his life. He said he must first consult his Chinese doctor. This so-called doctor said,

"That foreign barbarian says you must have your foot cut off? Well, I can cut it off just as well." Thereupon he took an axe and chopped off the foot!! Such are some of the illustrations of the condition of the Chinese under the old system of medical practice in China. How different the condition now when there are good hospitals and Christian surgeons and doctors available to many of the Chinese! How great the need of the tender mercies of Christian doctors and trained nurses in that big empire!

The ability of the Chinese to endure pain is truly wonderful. They will have the operation for entropion performed on the four eyelids at one sitting (they prefer to sit) without a groan and without flinching. I have opened a dozen boils at one sitting and the patient was quite easy and self-controlled. Huge abscesses, involving the whole leg, from which I have drawn three quarts of pus, do not seem to bother them very much, though several incisions must be made and firm bandaging given to the whole limb. Their out-of-door life and simple, though nourishing diet, seem to have made them less nervous than we poor sensitive, emotional Americans are. Then they are so accustomed to their big diseases and immense germs that our puny, little germs are not accounted as very worthy

of consideration. Indeed they seem to be immune to our little germs.

How my heart ached for the poor unfortunate ones who fell into the hands of the native Chinese doctor! I have seen a man dragged back and forth across a room a dozen times in order to pull out a tooth, with a rusty tourniquet, and when I could persuade the patient to let me use my fine tooth forceps the lookers-on were astonished that I could allow quietly sitting in a chair while I quickly extracted the tooth. To open a boil the native doctor would take two copper coins (called "cash") and scrape and squeeze until the pus could escape. The Chinese call this copper coin "our square-eyed brother." It takes 1,000 of them to make a Mexican dollar. No respectable man doctor will so belittle himself as to take a confinement case. This work is left to the Chinese midwife and in difficult cases the midwife sits upon the abdomen to hasten delivery, sometimes pounding the abdomen with her fists. Many poor women die in confinement.

I was told before I went to China that the fact that the Chinese women wear no corsets made child bearing very easy. It is not so. More Chinese women are obliged to have the use of instruments, in order to deliver them of the child, than the American women, and one

of the most important tasks I undertook was to train my hospital assistants to use the obstetrical instruments accurately. These Chinese assistants are now sent for from far and wide to minister to difficult cases of childbirth.

I know of no country where medical missionaries are more needed than in China. The work at Kit Yang grew in importance and popularity and in 1894 I was very happy to welcome Dr. Josephine Bixby to this work. I had succeeded in erecting a small building to be used as a hospital and dispensary until something better could be had. At that time the Kit Yang officials and gentry were bitterly opposed to Christianity and to Western people engaging in preaching the doctrine. Before they knew I was a doctor I heard many words of hatred and scorn. I was called a "foreign devil" and children threw clods and stones at me and grown up men sometimes called out, "Come, let us kill and cut off her head." But after I had succeeded in curing their sick these same revilers would say, "She is a healer of the sick—she must be treated kindly. My daughter was sick unto death. Her coffin and grave-clothes were ready for her and we thought her dying, but this woman doctor restored her to health." The cure of a patient was heralded far and wide and the number of my patients

was greatly increased. I gained a great reputation as a doctor—with no great skill of my own—but the mental and physical fatigue were great.

After only one year of study Dr. Bixby took entire charge of the Kit Yang medical work. She was a very capable woman and was especially fine in the treatment of eyes. She had been an interne in the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary and was skillful in difficult operations on the eyes. The Chinese suffer from many diseases of the eyes and Dr. Bixby's skill, in this direction especially, gave her a fine reputation and her help was sought by many patients all over the district. She raised the funds for a fine hospital for women which is called the Josephine Bixby Memorial Hospital and which is still doing a splendid work under the care of Dr. Edythe Bacon and Miss Fanny Northcott, a professional nurse. Dr. Bixby contracted pleurisy, which resulted in tuberculosis, and died before making use of the hospital she had so arduously labored to construct. When told that she must die she calmly said, "The Lord's will be done." The missionaries and the Chinese alike hold her name in sacred remembrance. She was as truly a faithful evangelist as a healer of the body. Though dead she yet speaks in behalf of medical missions.

As my own medical work in Kakchich (Swatow) grew, I was again and again under the necessity of enlarging the little building for women which bears the name of our beloved Dr. Caroline Daniells. This work went on prosperously until in 1897 I was obliged to go home on my first furlough, having been eight and one-half years in the medical work in China. It was a sore trial for me to leave the work I loved so dearly. Funds for a new hospital had been secured and the building near completion when I left for my furlough.

Six months before I went for my first furlough our Mission joyfully welcomed Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Worley as co-workers. A most admirable man and a valuable medical worker was Dr. Worley. He took charge of the medical work while I was in the homeland and most ably and faithfully did he care for the suffering Chinese. The hospital helpers all speak of him in loudest terms of praise. His fine large photograph hangs in the Edward Payson Hospital and the Chinese never weary of telling how kind and sympathetic he was—always ready to go to the bedside of the sick, and how he often prepared the dead for burial—an act which the Chinese are quite unwilling to perform until they take the name of the great Physician, Christ.

Dr. Worley was drowned in the Swatow Bay when returning from the dispensary at Chow Yang and his body was not found for four days. His funeral was attended by a great number of Chinese who to this day never weary of recounting his noble qualities.

He fought the Christian's fight,
And wears the victor's crown,
And on a throne of light
Is with his Lord set down.

His widow remains on in mission work in Swatow, teaching in the Training School for Women. Her beautiful boy, Robert Edwin, is a great favorite with all. His face is almost angelic and his devoted mother loves him the more fondly as he came to her eight months after the father's death.

Dr. Worley's account of the opening of the hospital, dated October 8, 1904, is worthy of a place in my autobiography.

“DEAR FRIENDS :—

“We are looking with pride and pleasure at our new hospital buildings at Kakchich, Swatow, and are holding in grateful remembrance the many friends and workers who have made their existence a fact. As the need of better and more commodious quarters became more and more apparent to Dr. Scott and the

of the most important tasks I undertook was to train my hospital assistants to use the obstetrical instruments accurately. These Chinese assistants are now sent for from far and wide to minister to difficult cases of childbirth.

I know of no country where medical missionaries are more needed than in China. The work at Kit Yang grew in importance and popularity and in 1894 I was very happy to welcome Dr. Josephine Bixby to this work. I had succeeded in erecting a small building to be used as a hospital and dispensary until something better could be had. At that time the Kit Yang officials and gentry were bitterly opposed to Christianity and to Western people engaging in preaching the doctrine. Before they knew I was a doctor I heard many words of hatred and scorn. I was called a "foreign devil" and children threw clods and stones at me and grown up men sometimes called out, "Come, let us kill and cut off her head." But after I had succeeded in curing their sick these same revilers would say, "She is a healer of the sick—she must be treated kindly. My daughter was sick unto death. Her coffin and grave-clothes were ready for her and we thought her dying, but this woman doctor restored her to health." The cure of a patient was heralded far and wide and the number of my patients

was greatly increased. I gained a great reputation as a doctor—with no great skill of my own—but the mental and physical fatigue were great.

After only one year of study Dr. Bixby took entire charge of the Kit Yang medical work. She was a very capable woman and was especially fine in the treatment of eyes. She had been an interne in the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary and was skillful in difficult operations on the eyes. The Chinese suffer from many diseases of the eyes and Dr. Bixby's skill, in this direction especially, gave her a fine reputation and her help was sought by many patients all over the district. She raised the funds for a fine hospital for women which is called the Josephine Bixby Memorial Hospital and which is still doing a splendid work under the care of Dr. Edythe Bacon and Miss Fanny Northcott, a professional nurse. Dr. Bixby contracted pleurisy, which resulted in tuberculosis, and died before making use of the hospital she had so arduously labored to construct. When told that she must die she calmly said, "The Lord's will be done." The missionaries and the Chinese alike hold her name in sacred remembrance. She was as truly a faithful evangelist as a healer of the body. Though dead she yet speaks in behalf of medical missions.

As my own medical work in Kakchich (Swatow) grew, I was again and again under the necessity of enlarging the little building for women which bears the name of our beloved Dr. Caroline Daniells. This work went on prosperously until in 1897 I was obliged to go home on my first furlough, having been eight and one-half years in the medical work in China. It was a sore trial for me to leave the work I loved so dearly. Funds for a new hospital had been secured and the building near completion when I left for my furlough.

Six months before I went for my first furlough our Mission joyfully welcomed Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Worley as co-workers. A most admirable man and a valuable medical worker was Dr. Worley. He took charge of the medical work while I was in the homeland and most ably and faithfully did he care for the suffering Chinese. The hospital helpers all speak of him in loudest terms of praise. His fine large photograph hangs in the Edward Payson Hospital and the Chinese never weary of telling how kind and sympathetic he was—always ready to go to the bedside of the sick, and how he often prepared the dead for burial—an act which the Chinese are quite unwilling to perform until they take the name of the great Physician, Christ.

Dr. Worley was drowned in the Swatow Bay when returning from the dispensary at Chow Yang and his body was not found for four days. His funeral was attended by a great number of Chinese who to this day never weary of recounting his noble qualities.

He fought the Christian's fight,
And wears the victor's crown,
And on a throne of light
Is with his Lord set down.

His widow remains on in mission work in Swatow, teaching in the Training School for Women. Her beautiful boy, Robert Edwin, is a great favorite with all. His face is almost angelic and his devoted mother loves him the more fondly as he came to her eight months after the father's death.

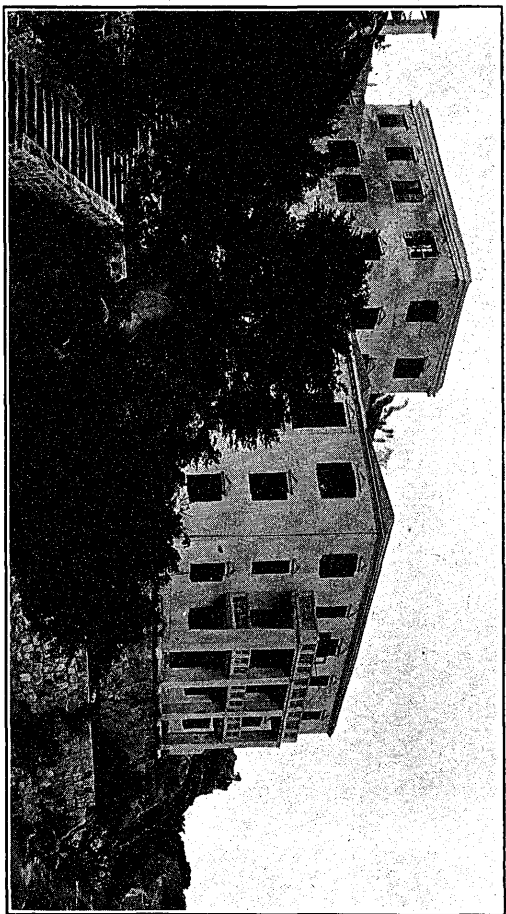
Dr. Worley's account of the opening of the hospital, dated October 8, 1904, is worthy of a place in my autobiography.

“DEAR FRIENDS :—

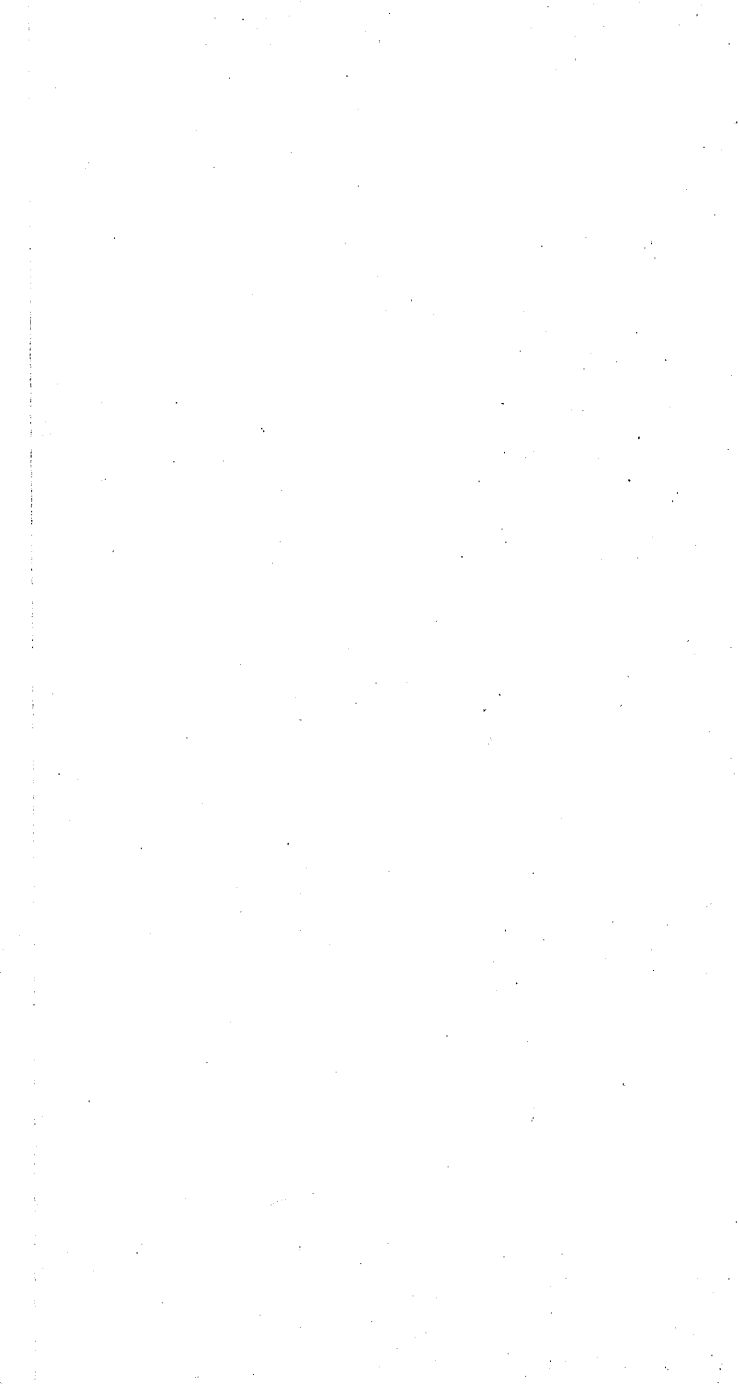
“We are looking with pride and pleasure at our new hospital buildings at Kakchich, Swatow, and are holding in grateful remembrance the many friends and workers who have made their existence a fact. As the need of better and more commodious quarters became more and more apparent to Dr. Scott and the

other missionaries at the station, two serious obstacles presented themselves. One of these was lack of funds and the other lack of a suitable building site. Through the work of Dr. Scott's own hands, which brought a large sum into the coffer, and through your generous responses to her solicitations, the former obstacle was overcome. The latter was met by our honored Dr. Ashmore's fertile brain and ready purse. Probably no one else would have thought it possible to lay a foundation on so steep and stony a hillside as that on which the hospital stands, and his open purse made feasible from a financial standpoint what his mind conceived. We hope you may see in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* the picture of the buildings as they now appear.

"We wish you might have shared in the pleasure that was ours on Friday last, September 30th, when we held the brief but interesting services that pronounced the hospital open. We especially regretted that she who so ably conducted our medical work for so many years could not have been present in person to see what the Lord has wrought through her. But it is ever so in the service of the King—'One soweth and another reapeth'—and while we feel almost selfish to enter the roomy new buildings when Dr. Scott was



HOSPITAL BUILDING



obliged to use smaller and so much less inviting quarters, we take over the stewardship all the more humbly and ask you to pray that we may rightly divide the word of truth to these starved souls as well as minister with skill and Christlike patience to suffering bodies.

"Although there is considerable cleaning up and moving yet to be done before the hospital is ready for patients the opening was held at this time because of the presence of many of our Christians from the various fields of our evangelistic workers. It was the time of the quarterly meetings when the native helpers spend several days in Bible study and discussion of problems affecting the churches as a whole, and when many lay members too from the various districts come together at the week's close for the celebration on Sabbath of the Lord's Supper.

"The missionaries believed that the people would appreciate the privilege of sharing in the dedication of buildings erected especially for their use, so the waiting-rooms were made as attractive as possible and on Friday afternoon at three o'clock the services at the chapel closed and all adjourned to the hospital, where Dr. Ashmore took charge of the program. He spoke of Dr. Scott's work at Swatow, of her untiring efforts to bring the new hospital into

being, and of the generosity of you who have shared in the expense and so made possible this strong arm to evangelistic work.

“Mrs. Waters, Dr. Scott’s daughter, who has been so able an evangelistic worker in the hospital in addition to her large field work, spoke briefly of the great opportunities afforded by the medical work for evangelistic effort. She spoke especially of the women, who, when freed for a time from family cares and separated from their heathen environment, listen much more readily to the Gospel than when in their own villages, and have a vastly better opportunity to learn the truth, since they hear it daily, sometimes for weeks, than when it is brought to them in their own homes by the missionary who frequently finds it impossible to return for months to the same place. Many, too, who are Christians when they come, gain by this daily hearing and study of the word ability to do much valuable mission work among their neighbors when they return home. The program was not confined to talks by the missionaries alone, for Chiang Sui, one of the translators, spoke from the view-point of a Chinese Christian, closing his remarks with the expressed hope that the hospital would be instrumental in producing many native physicians to the great advantage of their suffering country-

men. It was a very attentive audience that filled waiting-rooms and stairways to overflowing, and they joined in the singing with lusty voices. At the close of the services the people were invited to go through the buildings and see for themselves the clean, airy rooms and the tablets to the memory of friends of the donors. These tablets were hung on the walls and made the rooms look doubly cheerful. Two of these tablets were hung over the doors of the waiting-rooms—one in memory of Dr. Scott's husband, the other in memory of Mrs. Martha Thresher.

"The men's department will thus be known as in memory of Rev. Edward Payson Scott—the women's in memory of that noble woman of Dayton, Ohio, Mrs. Martha Thresher. These two Christian workers are held in loving remembrance by all who knew them on earth. The Chinese, however, will still call the hospital 'Uah Si Ui Kuan,' which means 'the benefits the people hospital.' The other tablets are in the several wards and private rooms.

"We hope to be well settled in a short time and then you are invited to pay us a visit. The arrangement of buildings and of rooms is a little confusing to a newcomer, so we will give you a word of explanation before you arrive. The hospital consists of two buildings, one side

of each for men patients, the other for women. The one farther up on the hillside is devoted to dispensary work and consists of a waiting-room, consulting room, drug room and operating room for women, and the other side corresponding rooms for men. Each of the buildings, on the lower side, is three stories high, and two on the upper. The main entrance is on the west. On the east is a very pleasant veranda overlooking a little valley and also affording a fine view of Swatow Bay, which lies on the north. We are thankful not only for the funds given by Dr. Scott's friends for the new buildings, but also for the donation of comforts, bandages, etc., etc., which are proving most helpful in our work.

"May we ask your prayers that we may be directed by Divine Wisdom in the wisest and best methods for carrying on this work. And may God's richest blessing rest upon you who have been so willing to aid.

"Most sincerely yours,

"R. E. WORLEY."

CHAPTER VI

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER¹

And China to the Dark Tower came,
That Empress Dowager with evil eye,
Askance to watch the working of her lie
On mine ; and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee that pressed and scored
Its edge at victories many gained thereby.

BROWNING'S profoundest poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," has a depth of meaning for every individual, as well as for every nation. And we who are now watching with bated breath the final outcome of China's crisis are well persuaded that this hoary empire has reached her dark tower. That she will emerge from it a changed and reformed nation we do not doubt. That the Empress Dowager knew naught of the Divinity that used her for the hastening of China to the dark tower we can readily believe. The noble army of martyrs who have fallen are victims to her malicious rage as she pointed her nation to the dark tower. How long must China remain in the dark, stagnant atmosphere? By what

¹ This was written during the Boxer movement.

means shall she emerge? And emerging what shall be her future? The dark days are not yet ended. Indeed many who are well informed on this subject believe there are yet darker days to come ere she can adapt her eyes to the light of Christian civilization.

As a nation China has the same love of darkness; the same intense hate for reform and Western improvement; the same desire to destroy each and every foreigner and Christian within her boundaries. Nothing can destroy these her inherent traits, but the transforming power of the Gospel of the Son of God. The allied powers have not accomplished what was fondly hoped. The spirit of the Empress Dowager is not altered. As long as she is free she will exert her influence against civilization and Christianity. Why she was not sent into exile we cannot understand. The new Society of Allied Villages is daily increasing in numbers and power, and the Boxer movement is most thoroughly alive in this new society which demands that one member of every family shall join its ranks. We are hoping that our Southern China viceroys will remain true to their spirit of reform and to their desire to protect all foreigners. If so this new society can find no favor in our Kwangtung Province. God is our trust, and we firmly believe his pur-

poses are ripening fast for China's salvation. Who can hinder him?

I wrote the above at the close of the dreadful troubles of 1900, which were a most trying ordeal for all Christian workers. That which incensed the Empress Dowager so fiercely against all Christians was because of the influence exerted over members of the royal family. The young Emperor, heir to the throne as soon as the Empress Dowager should cease to rule, was much inclined to adopt Western ideas and had published several edicts in favor of Western education for the Chinese. This greatly enraged the Empress Dowager and it is reported that from that time on she kept the young heir constantly under the influence of opiates and also kept him a close prisoner. The young Chinese men who had influenced him in favor of Western ideas were executed unless they were fortunate enough to escape by fleeing to foreign countries. The Empress Dowager ordered all foreigners to be executed at once. To accomplish this she called the Boxers to her aid. These Boxers were men of great physical power who had practiced boxing to great perfection. They proclaimed themselves invulnerable and the Empress trusted them implicitly and gave them her positive orders to exterminate all foreigners.

All inland missionaries were ordered by the Consuls to seek protection at once in the treaty ports. But alas! they were so far from the treaty ports that many of them were cruelly murdered by the Boxers while trying to reach a place of safety. North China was the place of the greatest atrocities and both missionaries and Chinese Christians there suffered death in most cruel forms. South China was not visited by the Boxers though the Secret Societies of the Allied Villages made haste to prepare for the murdering of all foreigners south of the Yangste River. The story of that fearful year need not be treated in full here. Sufficient to say the Empress was obliged to flee for her life and remain for many months in exile. The story of her death and that of the young heir, both occurring the same night, gave credence to the report that they were poisoned. Her death was a good riddance to China and prepared the way for the declaration of a Republic of China to be established as soon as possible. The war between the government troops and the revolutionary party meant good for China.

The conduct of our native Christians during the terrible persecutions of that year and their willingness to lay down their lives if necessary for their faith in Christ, have had a most telling influence in favor of Christianity. The

common people are more ready to hear the Word of Life than they were before the dreadful Boxer movement and our Chinese preachers and Bible women are steadfast, immovable, abounding in faithful work. Surely we have reason to hope that when once out of the dark tower China will stand foremost in the faith once delivered to the saints and will lead on to final victory. Christianity as preached and lived by the converts will, I believe, be the great power that shall lead the Chinese nation forth from the dark tower and make it one blessed of heaven and lauded by men. How great the need, then, of a great host of missionaries to go up and down over this vast empire teaching the saving doctrines of our Crucified and Risen Lord!

“God’s in his heaven—all’s well with the world.”

Some of our Swatow missionaries were ordered to Japan and my daughter and I were among the number. We spent six weeks in Kobe at the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who were fellow missionaries of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

May 7, 1901, my daughter was married in our chapel for the Chinese. The Chinese Christians took great pleasure in decorating the chapel. The bride and bridegroom, Mr. and

Mrs. Waters, gave a feast to the Chinese Christian families and the day was a joyful one to all parties. Mr. and Mrs. Waters are still engaged in missionary work in Swatow. At Sherwin Bungalow I gave a reception to about forty of our European friends after the marriage ceremony at the chapel and we had a most enjoyable time.

After the reception the young married couple went to Double Island for their honeymoon. This Double Island house was the gift to our Mission through Miss Adele Field of our Mission, Mrs. Caldwell of New York having given the funds with which to build the house. Double Island is about five miles by water from Swatow. This house has proved a great blessing to our Mission when the workers needed a rest and change. The beach is a favorite resort and the swimming is good.

There was no place where the workers of the Woman's Baptist Society of the West could find a home, and I knew I must vacate the Partridge house on their return from their furlough. I set about securing funds from personal friends for the erection of a suitable house for four single lady workers, and in three years when the Partridges returned this new house was ready for occupancy. This house was my very pleasant home until I left the Mission in

1914. The four rooms of this house have proved a comfortable home for the various evangelistic and medical workers of our Mission. It is called the Sherwin Bungalow because the Sherwins of Cleveland were most generous givers toward its erection. There are four rooms, eighteen by eighteen feet, each room having its own bath room, and a sitting-room and dining-room, besides a large convenient kitchen and quarters for the Chinese servants. Two large verandas, one in front and the other at the back of the house, add much to the comfort of the occupants. It is built eight feet above the ground and the ground floor rooms are used for the storage of such articles as we cannot find room for in the upper floor. The house is now occupied by Miss Sollman, Miss Northcott and Miss Traver of the Woman's Training School, Dr. Mildred Scott being temporarily at Kit Yang taking Dr. Bacon's place until she returns from her furlough.

Our Swatow mission work is built on deep and broad foundations, not at all of the stubble and hay kind. The founders of the Mission, Dr. Ashmore, Dr. Partridge and Mr. Johnson, were wise and able men, and the subsequent history of the Mission shows the good results of their wise building. The Mission Compound is the pleasantest of all our Chinese Mission

Compounds. When Dr. Ashmore negotiated for this land it was a barren waste without a sprig of vegetation. The Ashmores have made of this barren spot a beautiful place. The bamboo and the banyan trees make the Compound a shady and most restful spot and the pleasant winding paths are a delight to all. Each missionary has beautiful flowers and shrubs about his house. The number of dwelling houses has now increased to eight and we have the fine buildings of the Theological Seminary built by the Ashmores, the Woman's Bible Training School buildings, the South China Academy, the Girls' Boarding-School building, the hospital building and the chapel.

A new chapel is very much needed as the old one does not accommodate the many who wish to gather there for worship, besides it does not meet the advanced ideas of what a place of worship should be. We fondly hope some good rich man may find pleasure in giving some \$50,000 for the erection of a new, up-to-date chapel. The pastor of the church is an able, earnest Christian worker, rightly dividing the Word of Life.

The hospital building is equally divided for men and women, the men's department being named for my husband, Edward Payson Scott, and the women's department for that most ex-

cellent and capable Christian woman of Dayton, Ohio, Martha Thresher, whose son-in-law, Mr. Fred Beaver, of Dayton, Ohio, gave most generously toward the erection of the Martha Thresher Hospital. The building site and the preparation of the rocky foundation were the gift of Dr. Ashmore.

When I arrived in Swatow in 1889 there was a very small building for the women patients which had been erected by Dr. Caroline Daniells, who after a brief five years of medical work was obliged by illness to retire from the work and was never able to return. This small building bears Dr. Daniells' name, in Chinese, and still does good work for charity patients. I enlarged it three times before I got the money for the new building.

When I arrived in Swatow I found patients waiting for me, and I was obliged to commence work at once. I tried to carry on the study of the language as best I could along with my medical practice. Our Mission now compels all missionaries to study the language two years before engaging in mission work. This is a wise regulation.

CHAPTER VII

THE SWATOW DIALECT

I WAS fifty years old when I went to China and of course my difficulties in learning the language were great. I never became the good Chinese speaker my daughter is, but got a limited knowledge sufficient for carrying on my work. Our Swatow dialect is a very difficult one. What with its nasals, its aspirates and its eight tones it is truly a herculean task to learn to speak it correctly. The tones were always my terror. The word for woman is nŭg and the word for egg is nŭg. It is not a pleasant experience to find one has ordered boiled women for breakfast instead of eggs. One of our women missionaries ordered her cook to have ready six hard boiled women for breakfast. The poor cook was much perplexed and remarked that it was news to him that the Americans ate women. In attempting to pray in the Chinese language I said, "Thou knowest that we are stomachs"—the word for dust and stomach being alike except in the tone.

My heart ached for the suffering patients who fell into the hands of the native doctor, as no surgery was practiced and the use of the surgeon's knife was discarded.

The Chinese midwives were often most cruel in their treatment of delayed labor in child-birth, sometimes even sitting on the abdomen of the patient, and sometimes pushing with all their strength upon the abdomen. The stool, after the method used by the Hebrew women (see Exodus 1 : 16), is in universal use among the Chinese. They know nothing of the use of the uterine forceps and are astonished that Western doctors save so many lives by their use. Thousands of women die for want of surgical aid. Such cases seem to me much more numerous in China than in America, although the clothes of a Chinese woman are loose and no weight of their clothes in any way interferes with their physical comfort. The reason of so many deaths from child-bearing in China I do not understand. The bound feet has been assigned as a reason.

I know of no country where medical missionaries are so much needed as in China, and the training of hospital helpers engaged my earnest attention, and I was happy indeed when the time came that I could start a class of young women as helpers and students in the Martha

Thresher Hospital. This was a new departure. I had been able to have classes of young men who had graduated from a four years' course of study and practical work, but no parent had been willing to have his daughter study to become a medical helper. My class of six young women were all over twenty years of age. They were bright and intelligent young women and were quite as able and capable in study and hospital practice as the men students. It was a daily surprise to me to note the awakening of the Chinese, their great desire for Western civilization and the knowledge of the English language.

My hospital helpers, both men and women, were earnest Christian workers and many hundreds were brought to a knowledge of the Truth through their efforts. We were greatly helped in our evangelistic work by a young Chinese woman from Shanghai, Miss Dora Yu. She was a young woman of great spiritual power and earnestness and her knowledge of the Bible was truly wonderful in so young a woman. The Lord graciously blessed her work in Swatow and Kakchich, Kit Yang and other places. Our Chinese Christians were greatly stirred and the Holy Spirit came with power into their hearts and lives. Sins committed years before were humbly confessed and when restitution for mis-

doings could be made it was readily done. One of my hospital assistants arose in the public assembly and humbly confessed the taking of an old pair of tooth forceps which I had discarded as unfit for further use. Money taken by our church members before they became Christians was restored with humble confession of the wrong. The work extended into the surrounding villages and thus a rich blessing came to all of our South China Mission through the efforts of this little Chinese woman evangelist. We are hoping that many more like her may be raised up for a like work. She dwelt much upon the necessity of the spiritual birth and an entire consecration of one's whole being to the work of the Lord. She did not encourage emotional demonstration and when she saw there was a tendency in that direction she with great tact and wisdom controlled this tendency and all was done decently and in order. In my most hopeful moments I had not dared to hope for such a Pentecostal work in our Mission and among such a self-reliant and almost stoical people as are our South China people. The men were reached by Miss Yu's efforts quite as effectively as were the women. Our Mission has realized lasting benefit from Miss Yu's work for us.

The climate of Swatow is delightful in the

cold season, but during June, July and August the heat is intense. Some of the missionaries have built summer cottages at Thai Yong, a hill resort some seventy miles from Swatow. It has been my good fortune to spend several hot seasons at this cool resort, occupying the very comfortable summer house of the Ashmores. The scenery of Thai Yong is beautiful, the hills majestically grand, the air cool and bracing. A missionary who can spend a month or two of the hot season at this delightful resort is able to do better work and remain longer without a furlough than if he remained in Swatow's intense heat without rest from work and without a change. The humidity of the summer heat makes Swatow doubly trying. Our friends of the English Presbyterian Mission were the first to occupy the Thai Yong hills—indeed it is in their field of labor and their work is among the Hakkas. They are able to do much good work even when on their vacation. In all, there are six cottages at Thai Yong and more than two-score people are often there for a time. The cold season at this place is damp and at times bitterly cold—hence no European chooses to spend the winter there. The Hakkas themselves live here the whole year. They have two villages there. The Roman Catholics also have a Mission there.

I spent the summer of 1911 with my dear old friend, Mrs. Wm. Ashmore, Sr., at the delightful summer resort of Japan, Karuizawa. The climate at this place is very delightful, much like our home climate. The mountains round about are grand and inspiring and covered with vegetation. Mount Asama is an active volcano nine miles from Karuizawa. This is the largest volcano in Japan. The huge volumes of smoke, ashes and lava sent out of its crater are very impressive and the almost constant tremors felt at Karuizawa are a little awe-inspiring to the newcomer, but the residents there become quite indifferent to these subterraneous disturbances and feel no fear whatever, though the deep, loud murmurings often continue for hours in succession. The newcomer on being awakened at night by these growlings and tremors often experiences an uncanny feeling. Occasionally large red-hot stones are thrown out and they fall on the mountain sides. While I was in Karuizawa one of a party of mountain climbers, who wished to look into the crater, was killed by a red-hot stone six feet long falling upon him. The last *great* eruption occurred in 1783, when a stream of lava destroyed a primeval forest and several villages on the north side of the mountain where now is a vast field of lava beds. My visit to Japan ended September

25th, and I again eagerly took up my work in Swatow.

An anti-dynasty movement in 1911 brought great unrest and tumult to the Chinese Empire. The Chinese for more than 200 years had been ruled by Manchus. Now there is an earnest effort to throw off this unpopular rule and to place on the throne a Chinaman or make of the Empire a great Republic like America. The Revolutionists are friendly toward the foreigners and the missionaries are able to carry on their work as usual. The struggle will doubtless be a long continued one. "God is in his Heaven and all is well with the world," and all will finally be for China's best good. Many of the Revolutionists are dressed as the European gentlemen dress. Many, indeed, have been abroad and have received a college education and hence despise the present monarchical rule of their country. Some of these are Christians. The choice of Sun Yat Seng as President of a Provisional Government is almost unanimous in South China. Whether he will be a man strong enough to tide the country through the seas of unrest and dissatisfaction remains to be seen. The Chinese people of our district have joyfully endorsed Sun Yat Seng as their ruler and President and they have fond hopes that he will make of China such another

country as the "beautiful Kingdom of America." The Chinese name for America is "Mui Kok," the beautiful Kingdom.

Early in the morning of January 7, 1912, our Christian people gathered on the hillside overlooking our chapel, and floated the new flag of the Republic, while they heartily sang, "My country 'tis of thee." They prayed for the new President and for their newly organized Republic. They had a service of thanksgiving in the chapel at eight A. M. and read the 126th Psalm and likened themselves to the captives for whom "Jehovah had now done great things." I hope their high hopes may not be disappointed by further war and bloodshed. I do not feel sure that this great, restless country is to be so easily brought to acknowledge itself a law-abiding Republic. Sun Yat Seng is a Christian and wishes to do only good for his country, but he is not an able statesman.

February 16 would be the Chinese New Year's day, but the new China dates from the birth of Christ as we do. Hence February 16 is as quiet as any other day—no firing of crackers, no ringing of bells nor any noisy demonstrations of any kind.

Peace is not definitely established and there may be fighting between North and South China before all can be arranged for a genuine

Republic. Meanwhile we are thankful that all branches of our work move on as usual, and the opportunities for reaching the ears and hearts of the people with the Gospel were never so good as now.

CHAPTER VIII

FACTIONAL FIGHTING IN SWATOW

DURING the last two weeks of March, 1912, there was much unrest, burning of houses, looting and factional fighting in Swatow. Two Chinese, would-be leaders, fought for the position of head man of the Swatow district. The Swatow residents were in a state of great unrest and anxiety. At least one-half of the people fled to other places for safety. A large number of women and children sought refuge in my hospital buildings and about seventy took refuge in the Girls' Boarding-School house and in the Woman's School Building.

Our native Christians very hospitably opened their doors to these refugees. I should here remark that our Mission Compound is across the Swatow Bay from Swatow at a village called Kakchich (Stony Corner). This place is included in the postal regulations of Swatow and the Consuls for Great Britain and the United States live here, as well as the Deputy Commissioner of Customs for China. The ceme-

tery for Europeans is also at this place and the English chapel.

In the first factional fight some score of men were killed and left unburied for days. The antagonism of North and South China is very strong. They are not agreed upon the President and it may be long before peace and harmony can prevail in this distracted country.

The factional fighting mentioned above was ended by the Republican government sending troops to compel the banditti and thieving men to leave Swatow. The leader of the thieving bands was also compelled to leave. He fled to Hongkong and was there stabbed by some of the relatives of the men killed in the Swatow fighting. These relatives demanded that he pay a certain part of his ill-gotten gains to the families of the men who were killed in the skirmish. This the leader refused to do. Whereupon he was stabbed, and though hurried to a Hongkong hospital he lived but a few hours. Thus ended the life of a man who caused Swatow much sorrow and loss. If the Republic could only be recognized by the foreign powers, and fully established, there would be hope of a prosperous Republic. But alas! leader is pitted against leader and jealousies and bitter animosity are rife. North and South China are not at all harmonious and as a con-

sequence an amicable settlement is impossible. I am glad the Lord of the universe is looking after China. I think he alone is able to quell the discordant elements and establish peace and righteousness. Our mission work goes on as usual. The people everywhere are willing to listen to the Gospel message. China can never go back to her old condition. And yet thousands of the people in remote villages have not so much as heard that there has been a revolution and a Republic declared. The far inland people do not get daily newspapers.

Many of the Chinese have adopted the European style of dress and in North China some of the women have become suffragettes! They demand the privilege of voting, and deny the right of parents to betroth their girls without their consent. They even ask that their parents have nothing to do with the courtship and marriage of their daughters.

In Shanghai a "Marriage Freedom Society" has been organized. The women demand education and freedom. In South China the opposition to Yuan Shi Kai still continues and the people are displeased that Sun Yat Seng is no longer President. In North China Yuan is the popular man. He is undoubtedly China's most able statesman. His address before the National Assembly is a fine and wise presenta-

tion of the needs of a Republic. He seems to favor Christianity. What his future record will be remains to be seen. He most truthfully says that Christianity alone can make China truly a Republic. The great masses of the Chinese are still uneducated and unchristianized and cannot know the value of a Republic until they have learned of Christ and the value of a soul redeemed and led by the Holy Spirit. A great responsibility rests upon the United States to aid the Chinese nation to rise from their ignorance and learn of the Life, the Truth and the Way. The work of all true missionaries is a great power for China's good. Would that the number were greatly increased!

The death of our co-workers on January 27th brought sorrow to our hearts and a sore loss to our Mission. One of our most valued and valuable workers, Miss Weld, left us for heavenly service in the beyond. She had made a very deep and lasting impression upon the educational work of our Mission and her eighty schoolgirls will always be the better Christian workers on account of her wise teaching and beautiful Christian living.

Our missionary force for China is so small and our work so great and urgent that our loss seems very heavy when one is taken away. The mysterious Providence which takes one so

important to our work is hard for us to understand. But we must "be still and know that he is God," and that he doeth all things well. Miss Weld was in the prime of her useful life. She had been a very fine teacher at home and her work in China has been equally efficient. May those who come after her be as rich in ability and consecration as she has been.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still her life ;
For well we know where'er she be,
She still is living unto thee.
Her body, soul and spirit be
Forever living unto thee.

In October, 1911, there arose in China an anti-dynasty movement. The country for years, two hundred or more, had been ruled by the Manchus. Now there arose an earnest effort to throw off this unpopular rule and place a Chinaman at the head of affairs who would make the Empire into a great Republic. No antagonism was manifested toward foreigners and the missionaries were able to carry on their work as usual. It was all very different from that fearful Boxer movement headed by the Empress Dowager. Many of the Revolutionists are dressed as Europeans and have cut off their cues. Many are Chinamen who have been in England and America and are college educated,

and quite a number are Christians. One of our Christian young men, A Lim, was chosen as the doctor of one of the regiments. As he was one of my medical students and had taken a four years' course of medical study and practice in my hospital, I felt particularly desirous that he should fill the position well. He gave satisfaction to the military officers and received a large salary and a horse and was called a Mandarin doctor. After the revolution was over and quiet restored he came back to Swatow to be my helper. When I told him that I could only pay him a meager salary he replied, "All that I am I owe to you, and I shall not allow a question of dollars to keep me from helping you all I can."

When I left Swatow in 1904, I had little hope that I should ever be able to return to my work in China. I was sadly broken in health and was no longer physically able to carry so heavy a responsibility. But two years in the homeland so fully restored my health that I felt I must again be at my chosen work in China. I spent two years in medical work in Cleveland, where I had practiced medicine for twelve years before I went to China. These two years were much enjoyed. Warm personal friends who had nobly stood by my work in Swatow and the fact that the dear First Baptist

Church, which had been my church home for many years, was again to be the one I could attend regularly greatly enhanced the pleasure of those two very happy years. Old patients and their now grown-up children were among my daily patients. My apartments were very pleasant and dear friends were in the same building. But my heart was in China and I felt I must again return to the medical work there. Many of my friends and relatives feared I could not endure another term of service. But I went, trusting in God to care for my health while I should care for the suffering, needy Chinese women.

The death of Dr. Worley had left both the men's and the women's hospitals without a doctor. I took charge of the work and in addition started a class of young Chinese women for hospital assistants. Before I went home I had young Chinese men in training and they had made good. But no parent was willing at that time to have his daughter study medicine and become a hospital assistant. Now six young women over twenty years of age took a four years' course of study in medicine and practical hospital work. They proved quite as capable as the young men. The awakening of the Chinese to an appreciation of Western ideas and medical science was a great surprise and joy to me.

We now have quite a number of schools on our Swatow Compound. First, there is the Ashmore Theological Seminary, built by the two Ashmores, father and son. Then there is the Bible Training School for Women, and the Girls' Boarding-School, the Academy for young men, the three grades of schools for boys, the smaller school for young girls, the night school for the Chinese who are so engaged during the day that they cannot study in the regular schools, the kindergarten school, my medical school and a special Bible school for women who have their houses to care for and cannot join the Bible Training School. The missionaries who carry on these schools are ten in number. The Chinese teachers are invaluable and make fine helpers in all these schools. English is in great demand but no missionary has time to give to this branch alone. In the academy English is taught by missionaries along with their own legitimate work. My co-workers are delightful companions; my work is my delight, and now after five years since my return to Swatow I am more and more thankful that I am permitted to engage in so important and delightful work.

I was suddenly taken ill October 3, 1913, with what our port doctor called ptomaine poison. He says it was caused by eating cucumbers

which had been stung by a poisonous insect. Following that attack I had gastro-intestinal catarrh. I am now, October 26th, well on the way to recovery though still weak. I am very desirous of keeping on in the work until my granddaughter, Dr. Mildred Scott, shall be able to take it over. She must have two years of close study of the language before she assumes the responsibility of the work—even then she should not have the men's hospital to look after. There should be a man doctor for that.

On October 23rd we had the pleasure of welcoming the Judson tourists, seven of whom were entertained at Sherwin Bungalow—the house built for single workers. It bears the name of Sherwin because of the generous aid given by the Sherwins for its erection. Four were living in this house at the time the Judson tourists were here: Miss Sollman, Miss Traver, Dr. Mildred Scott, who arrived with the tourists, and myself. Our table of eleven people was filled every day and I was the housekeeper. But we had excellent Chinese servants and I did not suffer from the strain and I very much enjoyed having these dear people in our house.

One of General Weis' soldiers died in the Edward Payson Scott Hospital recently. He had heart disease with complications. General Weis sent his card of thanks by soldiers who

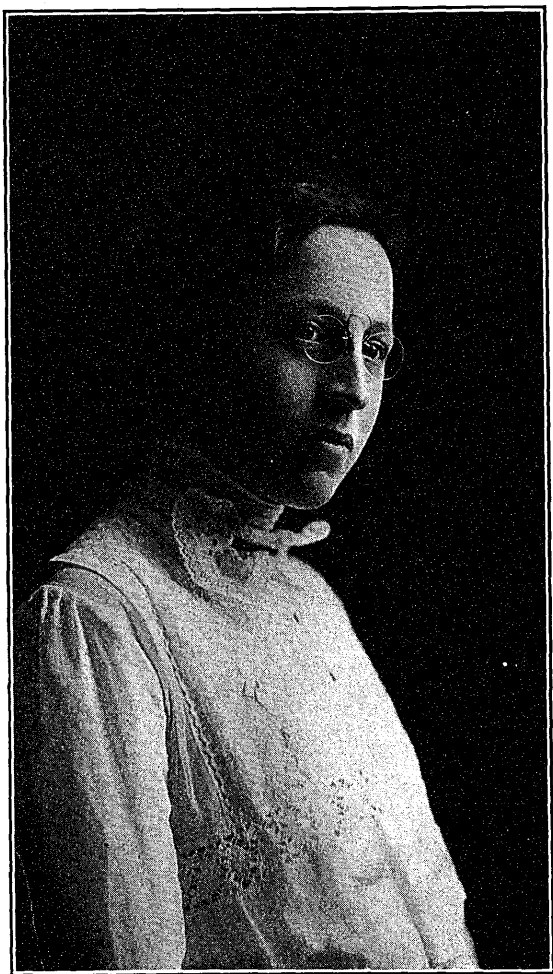
came to bury their comrade. The kind attention given by Sokhi and A. Kim made a very good impression on the military general and his soldiers.

In January, 1913, our foreign secretary of the A. B. F. M. Society visited South China. On Wednesday morning, January 22, 1913, we had the great pleasure of meeting him at the jetty and escorting him through the Swasey Archway and up the new Mission Road to our beautiful Compound. The crowd of Chinese Christians, students and others was great and he expressed much pleasure at our enthusiastic reception and was loud in his praise of our beautiful Compound. He praised the neatness and good order of the hospital and the hospital helpers rejoiced at his visit and I think China will be much benefited by his coming.

My hospital helpers and students are a great comfort to me. I trust they may be very useful in both the healing of the body and the soul. My record for the year 1912 is as follows:

MARTHA THRESHER HOSPITAL

Number of in patients	-	-	290
Number of out patients visited	-	-	417
Number of dispensary patients	-	-	3,422
Total number of treatments	-	-	10,268



DR. MILDRED SCOTT

EDWARD PAYSON SCOTT HOSPITAL

Number of in patients	-	624
Number of out patients visited	-	1,218
Number of dispensary patients		4,252
Total number of treatments	-	12,757

Graduate helpers, 5. Student helpers,
9. Fees and gifts received, \$634.53.
Whole expense for 1912, \$2,227.14.

I wish I could tell of the many interesting cases among my patients who came to trust in the Great Physician for soul healing. My hospital assistants and Chinese Christian women of our Compound did very good evangelistic work in my hospital. I wish also to make grateful mention of the valuable help in this line rendered by Mrs. Worley and Mrs. Waters. The suffering Chinese women were always glad to hear the words of life from these faithful evangelistic helpers. I think there is no place so favorable for the reception of the Gospel as a hospital ward. I would not ask any one to become a medical missionary unless they were earnest Christian workers and put first and foremost in importance the evangelistic work among the patients. It is very important to have a thorough medical education and to know about germs and how to avoid the bad ones and how to cure germ diseases. Very important is it to have a practical knowledge

of surgery, to treat all diseases scientifically, to know well the structure of the human eye and how to operate on the eye. Of all diseases those of the eye and skin are most numerous. It is also very necessary to be able to endure odors of which the medical worker learns there are at least seven almost unbearable ones. But more important than all these is to know how to lead the sin-sick soul to Christ, the Great Physician.

CHAPTER IX

CHINESE CUSTOMS AND THINGS CHINESE

IN China books are read from right to left and the index is in front of the book. The ink is solid and the pen is a brush made of camel's hair. White is worn at funerals and grey is second mourning. In beckoning the fingers are bent downward. Begin at the little finger to count instead of with the thumb. The Chinese milk the cow on the left side and row a boat facing the bow. The Chinese compass needle points south and in letter-writing the writer's full name appears on the envelope only while the letter is folded with the writing outside. The family name is given first and the given name is put last.

Coffins are bought and placed in view of patient before he dies and his burial-clothes given him to see, as these give him a comfortable feeling and the satisfaction of knowing he will appear in the other world with a respectable appearance. Graves are built with arms so that the near-by buried may be kept from coming too near and interfering with comfort.

A male child must be wrapped in a pair of its father's trousers when born. It matters not how soiled the trousers are and the number of germs there may be on them. A child is not supposed to need clothes until ten or twelve years old. The Chinese women know nothing of the pleasure of preparing a wardrobe for the expected baby.

Boats in South China must all have an eye painted on the bow so that the boat may know the way to go. Without eyes they surely get into danger.

Red is a favorite color and on Chinese New Year's day each person appears with some article of that color worn conspicuously where all may see it.

A few days before the Chinese New Year's day the general house-cleaning time of the year is done. At this time and at no other must the cobwebs be swept down. Spiders in the house are thought to be a good omen.

The houses of the common people in South China are very small, often only one room containing two beds and frequently from six to eight members of the family occupy these beds. The heathen idea is that demons occupy every empty space in a house. Hence the more people in a house the less room for the demons. Even with this precaution demons are said to

hide in the corners of the ceiling. Great care is taken to allow no crevice in the walls, and the windows, which are only slits in the wall, are stopped closely with straw or rags. No air is allowed to enter from the outside. Think of what the condition of the atmosphere must be with six or eight people breathing the stifling air of a room not more than twelve feet square! Cesspools are in every village—these are left open and occasionally a child falls into one and is drowned.

The odors of a Chinese village are exceedingly trying. I was obliged to keep a bottle of perfume at my nose during the first years of my missionary work. After a time I could endure the combined foul odors of at least seven varieties. And yet the Chinese are a hardy people—they spend much of the day in the open air and most of them bathe every evening. Their beds are of pine boards supported by trestles and covered with matting. In some of the hospitals when the foreign doctor introduced wire woven springs and mattresses a loud complaint went up from the patients because their beds were so unsteady and bounced up and down! The covering at night is a thick comfort covered with dark blue native cloth. The comfort is so made, with a web of coarse thread over the native cotton, that

the cover can be removed and washed when soiled.

For shoes the wooden sandal is common and as no stockings are worn the knob of the sandal fits in between the great and the second toe so that it is held firmly in place. The men wear trousers and long coats—the women, loose trousers and short jackets. These are made of native cloth and are very loose fitting.

The diseases of the Chinese are numerous and the treatment of the patients by the native doctor is of a very crude and trying nature. Eye diseases are everywhere rife. Blepharitis, trachoma, entropion, ectropion, glaucoma, and cataract, etc., etc., demand the care of the missionary doctor, as the native doctor does not know how to treat these cases and he never resorts to any surgical treatment. They do not believe in using the bistoury even for the opening of a boil.

Skin diseases are also very common. Itch among the poorer classes is considered almost a necessary trouble and the heads are full of *Pediculi* and the *Cimex lectularius* infests the beds almost innumeraibly. The use of pine wood in the construction of the Chinese bed is, I think, one reason of the great prevalence of this last named detestable insect. The bathing houses used by foreigners are built of pine and

often are infested by this insect. I recall an instance of two of our nice, neat and lovable young lady missionaries who, after using one of these little pine bathing houses, found their bathing suits literally covered with this vermin, and their clothing left in the bathing house in a like condition! The work of dealing with a class of patients so infested is a very trying one. I could scarcely have been successful in this work had I not had quantities of quassia chips and plenty of mercury bichloride. After I had trained a few hospital assistants I gladly handed over this part of my work to them, and they did it well.

Herpes, too, demanded a very thorough and careful treatment. Leprosy is quite prevalent in South China, and the Chinese government have no laws for the segregation of these patients. The disease does not seem contagious only as the pus or blood of the patient enters another person. If a child walking with bare feet over the road trod by a leper gets the pus from the leprous feet into a crack or open wound of the feet in a few years the child will become leprous. The practice of vaccinating from one person to another also seems to have the same disastrous result. I know of no remedy that will cure a leper, but a free external and internal use of chaulmoogra oil

retards the progress of the disease quite satisfactorily. Beri-beri is quite common in South China. We have found the use of the unshelled and unpolished rice very effectual both as a preventive and also as a remedy for this disease.

Bubonic plague is also very prevalent. For this contagious epidemic, with its fierce fever, delirium and buboes, I know of no remedy. Complete isolation of the patient we practiced most carefully and we never had an epidemic of it on our Mission Compound. Pneumonic plague is not prevalent south of the Yangste River. Its habitat is in the extreme North China.

Cholera in a very severe type is prevalent in South China. When we are able to enforce the strictest diet of only boiled and thoroughly cooked vegetables and fruit and have the drinking water and milk also boiled there seems little danger of an epidemic of cholera. Our Christian Chinese people have learned this lesson, much to our joy and satisfaction.

Sprue, a disease peculiar to tropical countries, prevails to some extent in South China, and it is almost impossible to cure this disease without sending the patient to the homeland. If cured in the homeland the disease almost invariably returns if the patient again attempts to reside in a tropical climate. The connection

of muco-colitis with sprue I have not been able to understand, but I am led to think that the muco-colitis results in sprue if the patient remains long in a tropical climate.

Stricture of the esophagus is a very painful and troublesome disease of South China. The patient in the first stages of the disease can swallow liquids and thus life can be sustained, but at the last all efforts to swallow are in vain and the patient dies of starvation. The cause of this disease is supposed to arise from eating hot rice in too large mouthfuls. I have never met with this disease in the United States of America.

Syphilitic diseases are very common in South China, and some of the patients with noses decayed away and soft palates and throats ulcerated and with hideous sores over the whole body are most pitiable and loathsome in appearance. Iodide of potassium and mercury bichloride are remedies eagerly sought for such a disease, and to my knowledge nothing more effectual has been found. Tumors, both benign and malignant, affect many, and surgical operations are numerous in our hospitals. Cleft palate and harelip seem to me more frequent in China than in America.

Tuberculosis also prevails to an alarming extent. Diphtheria is not a common disease.

Typhoid fever is quite prevalent and the so-called malarial fevers are rife. The masses of the people have not learned to guard themselves against the anepholes mosquito, and do not use nets because many are not able to buy them. Patients often come to the hospital covered with mosquito bites, never dreaming that these have anything to do with the long-continued fever for which they seek hospital treatment. The net for every bed or the screened windows and doors are a very necessary aid in the treatment of the so-called malarial fevers, and the patients are surprised to find these and the free use of quinine sulphate so quickly make them well. Quinine is now almost universally used in South China.

The Chinese people believe most thoroughly in drugs, and if they have no doctor they seek the help of all quack medicines. Perry Davis' Pain Killer has a wonderful sale in China. Immense quantities are ordered from the United States by Chinese merchants. Indeed, of so much benefit has it been to the Chinese that we are reluctant to call it a quack medicine.

Dysentery, both the ordinary and the amebic, is a frequent ailment in the hot season, and in villages where there is no Western doctor many die from this disease. Measles and whooping-cough are also prevalent as diseases

of children, and smallpox is fearfully common. The native method for its prevention is inoculation—inserting the scab of the smallpox patient into the nostrils of the child. This really gives to the child a mild form of smallpox sometimes, but oftener a severe form of the disease from which many die. Vaccination is now becoming very common if there are trained vaccinators available.

Diabetes and nephritis are as common in South China as in America, and the physician there is as sorely puzzled to find a remedy for these diseases as are our doctors here. Dengue fever also prevails to quite an extent and the Chinese think the name break-bone-fever most appropriate for this ailment.

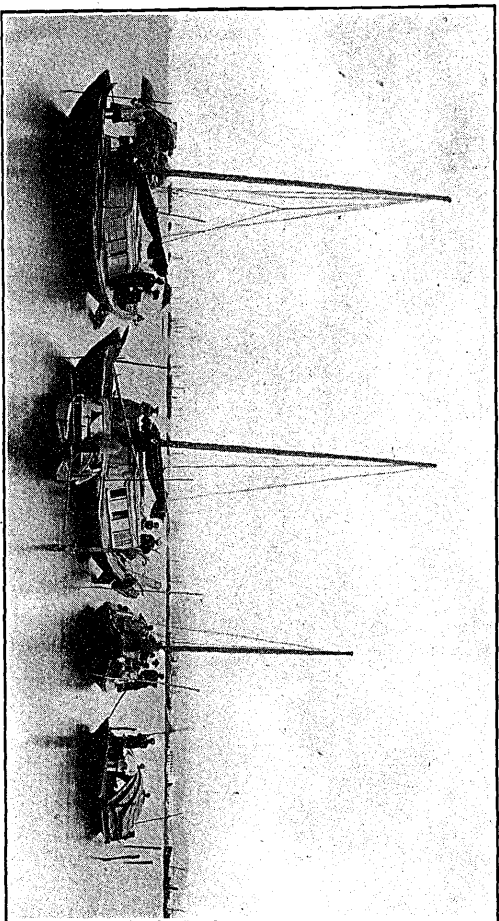
Until recent years our mode of travelling in the Swatow district was by boat—either house-boat or the native Chinese sampan. I was fortunate enough to secure a house-boat soon after commencing medical work, and the numerous rivers and creeks enabled me to visit my six dispensaries and the many villages to which I was called to minister to the sick and suffering. The name of my house-boat was *Mercy*, another was called *Grace*, and still another *Peace*, while the native preachers' boat was called *The Evangel*. The house-boat is a very comfortable mode of travelling—they

have a minute cooking room, a bath room and comfortable beds made of wood and rattan. For crossing the bay we used a native sampan boat. As our friends of the English Presbyterian Mission lived across the bay we thus made many visits to them and found it not only pleasant but advantageous to advise with them with reference to the work in which we were mutually engaged. The article written by Dr. Ashmore, Sr., will give the reader a good idea of the work done by our Mission with house-boats and preachers' boat. The picture of the Mission sampan is at the stern of the second house-boat from the left. This house-boat was occupied by the senior Ashmores. I am standing at the stern of my boat which is second from the right in the picture.

FROM DR. ASHMORE

A WHOLE FLEET THIS TIME

Five boats all off together. Mr. and Mrs. Foster in one; Miss Dunwiddie and Miss Scott and Dr. Scott in a second; Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore in a third; a company of preachers in a fourth, and a company of Bible women to be in a fifth. The boats we are in have a little cubby place for a cabin, with no spare room; but are very comfortable. We must have them; we cannot do country work without them. The "preach-



MISSION BOATS

ers' boat" is of the "broad-horn" pattern, with a deal of space, and suits their ideas exactly. The Bible women's boat is a small chartered, flat-bottomed shell of a thing, not very satisfactory, but the best we can do, this trip. If our plans work well we shall have one made for them. It may cost sixty or seventy dollars, but it will justify the outlay.

WHY SO MANY TOGETHER?

Because we can do more work and better work, for the time being. We make a greater impression; we secure more attention; we get together more people to hear; we set them to talking more about our mission; we support and back up each other, a matter of very great importance to our timid preachers, who are sent forth as sheep among wolves, and when alone, just one by himself, are apt to be intimidated, for village heathenism is arrogant, boasting and demurring; and there are not only city roughs but village roughs and bullies, loud-mouthed fellows, whose bellow is like that of the bulls of Bashan, whose snarl is suggestive of the snarl of a wolf.

ACROSS THE BAY

And so, with sails set and taking advantage of the east wind, which has already covered

the water with tiny whitecaps, off we go across the beautiful bay. This is an irregular, crescent-shaped body of water, about twelve miles long and seven miles wide in the broadest place. Here it narrows down to a deep channel a mile wide, through which a great tide goes surging to and fro every day—a most advantageous arrangement for us; and up there it narrows again, to receive the contents of a river, into which we are to go. This bay is wondrously beautiful. It is completely landlocked. A great chain of high hills stretches around it on all sides but one, and that one is a plain, fair as the plain which stretched once toward Sodom, and which is occupied by a people not quite so bad, though they are bad enough at best.

LIKE THE SEA OF GALILÉE

It always reminds me of that. It is a great place for fishermen, who carry on their vocation with all sorts of appliances. All along the shores are multitudes of petty fishermen of one kind and another to be found. Some work when the tide is in, others when it is out; some are after big fish and some are after little ones; some fish in daytime and some fish at night, by torch light; some use boats and some wade through the soft mud, and some have a

sort of mud sledge, which they push with one foot with great rapidity, scooping up any unfortunate minor plunder to be had. There are hand-nets and small scoop-nets, made to slide along the surface of the ground, in very shoal water ; and there are draw-nets ; and there are huge square nets, thirty to forty feet on a side, anchored in the stream, and that have to be worked with a windlass ; and there are fling-nets, with sinkers around the edge, thrown from a small boat ; and then out in the mid-channel are bag-nets of vast dimensions, attached to stakes made of trees and anchored firm, and which are set when the tide is running out, to trap the vast class of fish which, like so many men, float with the current. They have to be managed by large boats, but are very profitable.

VILLAGES ! VILLAGES !! VILLAGES !!!

The sides of this bay are studded with villages. On the north side they are strung along at the foot of the hills, a mile or two apart. On the south side they are shut in the ravines ; but there they are, all the same ; while in one place, on a small stream branching off, is a great city, said to have two hundred thousand people. We have four stations on the bay, or not far from it, and at Swatow and Kakchich

two more, making six in all. So it is a place of work for us.

But once inside the river the great population begins to impress itself—towns, towns, towns; villages, villages, villages, in rapid succession; towns on the right bank and towns on the left bank; villages here and villages there, and villages in every direction the eye can see.

“WHENCE SHOULD WE HAVE SO MUCH
BREAD?”

Yes, that, exactly that, is the agitating missionary question of this missionary hour. Is the bread to come from “Christian America” and “Christian England,” as we love to call them out here? There is plenty of it there, no doubt of that; “bread and to spare;” only people do not like to spare it, or they do not like to be at the cost of getting it over.

Right here in this one region is seed sowing enough to be done, and harvesting added, to justify the sending of twenty men. Nay, more than simply justifies; the work demands the score of men; but they will not come. Appeals are getting to be old things at home. People are becoming used to them. “Oh,” they say, “the missionaries are always crying out that way!” Well, so we are. But if the trustees of the gospel legacy would do some-

thing proportionate to the Master's claim and to this awful need, we would cease to be so clamorous. We are no worse than was the Jericho beggar. He raised such a tumult as brought down upon his old blind head the rebuke of the crowd; but he only cried out so much the louder. It was next to matters of life and death with him. He could not afford to be still; and so he got his blessing. That means that he quit begging and was able to make his own living.

All we ask for is a fair amount of barley loaves and small fishes. The Master seems to insist on our doing something. I confess, though, to a rising query whether the barley loaves are to come from our sources of supply at all. They do not seem to be doing so, thus far.

CHEAPNESS IN CHINA

For cheap travelling commend people at home to this marvellously economical race. When the Chinese concluded to start two small steamboat lines of their own—one to Kit Yang, thirty-six miles inland, and one to Chow Yang, ten miles inland—it was thought they could not possibly make it pay without a charge so high that their pinched and saving countrymen would not patronize it.

Well, the lines were both started. The long line boats make one trip a day each way, and the short line nine trips each way, and they are crowded with passengers. In fact, they are paying such dividends as no line on the whole coast of China can come up to. And yet what do you think the charges are? The Kit Yang line carries thirty-six miles one way for twenty-five cents cabin and fifteen cents deck passage. That is about two-thirds of a cent a mile for the highest and less than half a cent a mile for the lower. The Chow Yang line carries ten miles for six cents cabin and four cents deck passage.

Even that is beaten by the ferry-boats in some places. Here we are just now at the landing opposite Chow Yang, in the Hai-mung Bay. It is three miles across the bay. The boats are crowded, and charges are made to suit the most pinched and poverty-stricken purses. People of the town, right at hand, are let off with *four cash*, which is four-tenths of a cent, while travellers from a distance have to lay down *six cash* or six-tenths of a cent—a mile for two-tenths of one cent. Beat that in America if you can.

Connected with the steamboat prices is an amusing bit of fact which, inasmuch as it failed of adoption, will not be recorded in the history

of the enterprise. One of the directors said in a really sober way that it was possible there would be three rates—one for barefooted people, one for those who wore shoes and stockings, and one for those who took tea and refreshments. This may seem absurd, but it is very much the basis of common ferries to expect a wee fraction more from people who wear shoes. They are supposed to be gentlemen and able to pay more. However, they dropped that and adopted the “cabin” and “deck” rates instead.

Now that I am talking of cheap travelling, I may as well add a little on hotel and restaurant charges, and I take them from this very spot where I now am, for there is a genial Boniface upon the shore who furnishes “entertainment for man and beast” after the Chinese style. We are travelling in our own boats; but my host informed me in answer to my inquiries that if at any time I should stand to him in the honored relation of a guest, I should be charged one cent and a half for lodging. This would insure a bed—a straw mat on boards with a bamboo pillow, a sort of quilt covering and a mosquito net. If I was hungry and needed supper and breakfast as well as lodging, then I should have to pay the round sum of *one hundred cash*, imperial Chinese brass coin, equiva-

lent to ten cents federal currency. In the cheap lodging houses of home cities the way-faring man has to pay ten cents for a bed ; but here ten cents will get him a bed and two "square meals," and send him rejoicing on his way the next morning with the good wishes of the landlord, a very polite bow and a hearty desire to see him again, for all such are good paying patrons.

Like all such men who know how to keep a hotel, there is a first-class wayside restaurant attached for the accommodation of day visitors. No printed menus or bills of fare are provided, but prices are uniform and firm : A bowl of boiled rice and water, one-half cent ; a slice of fried sweet potato, one-tenth cent ; two or three small roasted shrimps, one-tenth cent ; a bowl of hard boiled rice, eight-tenths cent ; a hen's egg, one-half cent ; a large-sized duck's egg, one cent ; an ounce of pork, eight-tenths cent ; sundry vegetables, three-tenths to six-tenths cent ; roast duck, or goose, or chicken, according to size of the piece and special agreement, two, to three and four cents. Gratuities are not given to waiters, but to the landlord, who is himself "lord of the provisions" and "superintendent of the cauldron," and who is entitled to something for these majestic designations.

Simple enough and cheap enough are these sturdy and substantial dishes. Only it usually requires a sturdy and substantial Chinese stomach to relish and digest them with the amount of coarse fat they include.

For any one who wants the address, here it is with just a little bit of honorific designation we venture to throw in to distinguish it from second-rate establishments along the same road :

The Celestial Grand Hotel and Restaurant,
Kept by Wing Sing,
Bua-Ko Terry, near Chao Yang City, Empire
of China, Continent of Asia.

Fortunately for ourselves we carry along a stock of our own kind of provisions. We replenish in the local markets as we pass along and have occasion; but we find it very much better to have them cooked after what our kindly restaurant friend calls the barbarian method.

WILLIAM ASHMORE.

AMBASSADORS IN BONDS

Few of the missionaries sent to Swatow during the past thirty years can realize the limitations and hardships experienced by the pioneer workers in South China.

Could Ashmore and Partridge of our own

Mission, and Burns and Hudson Taylor of the English Presbyterian Mission, rehearse their experiences before an audience in our homeland, I am sure every listener would exclaim, "These men were indeed Ambassadors in bonds." Our noble pioneer workers were often without a home and obliged to live in the dark, unventilated houses of the Chinese. They were exposed to contagious diseases, and cases of smallpox often crowded against them as they preached the Gospel to the teeming masses who gathered out of curiosity to see the "foreign devil." Our pioneer workers were often obliged to work under a tropical sun at the gathering of material for housebuilding. Our lamented and self-sacrificing Dr. Ashmore suffered long and seriously from this kind of labor. He had fever which reduced his weight to ninety-five pounds and he was obliged to take a furlough to the homeland before he could resume his mission work. In the early days of foreign mission work in South China the voyage out was a most tedious and trying one in sailing vessels demanding six months' time.

The Chinese officials were bitterly opposed to the Christian missionary and his message, and the village people would follow these noble men throwing clods of dirt after them and calling out, "Here is a foreign devil, come, let us

cut off his head." The deep-seated prejudice held against the Christian religion was intensely bitter and all manner of vile epithets were hurled at the brave worker who dared to preach the Gospel of Christ to the masses. As a result of this hatred but few of the people were brave enough to make a profession of faith, and those who did join the church were called "rice Christians." It was thought quite impossible for any man to become a Christian unless he was paid for it and it was a current report that the missionary received twenty-five silver dollars for every convert he made.

The European shipping merchants were not at all in sympathy with the missionary's work, and told him he had better stay in his own country and not try to disturb the Chinese whose religion was quite good enough for them. Dr. Ashmore was put to great stress to find land in Swatow for a Mission Compound, and when finally he bought a desolate and barren hilltop across the bay at Stony Corner, the shipping merchants asked sarcastically, "What can that crazy Yankee make of desolation and barrenness?"

Dr. Ashmore showed by his wise effort what a crazy Yankee could do, and behold to-day our beautiful Compound, the finest in China!

The growth of that pioneer work among the

people of the Swatow district has been truly wonderful, and we have our Ashmore Theological Seminary, our Woman's Bible Training School, our South China Baptist Academy, our large and prosperous schools for boys and girls, our kindergarten schools, our Girls' Boarding-School, our numerous village schools, our hospitals and our many noble Chinese Christian men and women. Have not the "ambassadors in bonds" made a noble record, and having endured the cross and despised the shame are they not worthy of all honor?

The Sherwins and Swaseys of Cleveland were my helpers during all the years of my work in Swatow, in the building of Sherwin Bungalow, which was my home for over twenty years, and in the construction of the hospital building. Mr. Sherwin had for years supported two of my best helpers in the Edward Payson Hospital and his noble wife still carries on this work. The Swaseys had twice visited me in Swatow and their visits I had enjoyed immensely and one of the many kind and helpful acts of these dear friends was that of opening up a road from the Bund to our Compound. Before this we were obliged to borrow a road from those not connected with our Mission. The Swaseys generously contributed the money and

Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore ably superintended the hard work and the road is a great comfort and satisfaction to our Mission. Although Mr. Swasey, modest as he always is, strongly objected to having this beautiful road and fine archway over the entrance named for him, it is nevertheless called the Swasey Road and Arch. The noble work of the Sherwins and Swaseys richly deserves the appreciation and deep gratitude of our Swatow Mission and should also be a lesson to other wealthy laymen of how much good they can do with their money toward helping on the work of Foreign Missions.

I received an interesting letter from a sailor, one of the crew on the sailing vessel, *Art Union*, on which my husband and I sailed from Boston to Calcutta in 1862. He had gone to the headquarters of our Missionary Society to make inquiries if Mr. Scott was still living and there obtained my address and now after fifty years writes me to tell me that he is now a Christian man. He expressed much sympathy for me in the early death of Mr. Scott after only eight years of missionary life in Nowgong, Assam. He was led to believe in Christ through the memory of Mr. Scott's Christlike life and his words of exhortation while on the sailing vessel. This old sailor, now seventy-five years old, is an inmate of the Sailor's Snug Harbor Home

on Staten Island, where there are 900 aged sailors being cared for. It took me back to the old days to hear again of the crew of *Art Union*, and it was indeed a joy to know that at least one of them had become a Christian through my husband's influence.

I can no longer do a work satisfactory to myself and so I turn my eyes to the homeland, hoping that I may find some useful work there in "the blessed land of room enough beyond the ocean bars, where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars." God bless America and God bless dear "changing China," and make her attempt at a true Republic a success! It is fifty-three years since I became a foreign missionary—twelve years in Assam, sixteen years in the care and education of my three children in the homeland and twenty-five years a medical missionary in South China. I must go home content, though my work has been far from being of the high type I could have wished.

Mr. and Mrs. Waters invited all of the medical students and hospital assistants to meet me at their house for afternoon tea. Dr. Mildred Scott was with us and we had a pleasant season together. My chief comfort has been my useful trained graduates and the grand evangelistic work they have done both in the hospital and



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in the villages in the Swatow district. Eighteen thousand men and women have learned of the Great Physician in the hospital and many of these have become Christians. I would rather have this to report than to tell of a grand medical plant with all modern equipments. I have tried to teach the Chinese that they must themselves furnish the luxuries of modern hospitals.

In April, 1914, I had a second attack of illness with the coming on of the hot season and I was persuaded that it would be unwise to remain in China another hot season. I was very sorry to leave my work and the dear Chinese workers. But I seemed to realize the truth of the following lines :

“ Go home content, the evening falls,
Day's tired sinews are unbent ;
No more the thrush or linnet calls,
The twilight fades, go home content.”

“ Father, the field is but half turned
And yet the spring is well-nigh spent.”
“ My child, the hour of rest is earned,
Thy day's work done, go home content.”

“ Father, the wheat will never root ;
The sun has sunk the hills anent.
My weary labor will not boot
With work half done, how be content?”

“ My child, the sun hath seen thee toil
With sturdy back and brown arms bent.
Tho’ other hands should till this soil
Thy work is done, go home content.”

“ Lord, I have worked a little day
On the long task that thou hast sent.
The evening falls, my homeward way
I go away ; I go content.”

CHAPTER X

CLIPPINGS FROM MY JOURNAL

September 4, 1889. On this, the twenty-sixth birthday of my eldest son, my youngest son and I start upon our long journey to Swatow, China, I to engage in medical mission work and my son on an independent trip of his own. It was hard to part with dear children left behind and to leave the hosts of friends in our dear Cleveland home. My precious only daughter, who is engaged in teaching in Cleveland, is left behind for a time, but I fully expect her to join the Mission in Swatow as a worker in the Bible work for women. Her cry of "Mother, oh, Mother," as we part, wrings my heart with anguish. Yet the good Father will give both her and me strength to endure the separation and in his own good time will bring mother and daughter together again. She will bear up bravely and cheerfully and we will find comfort in his promise that "none of them who trust in him shall be desolate." For his cause we part and he will give all needed grace and strength. My eldest son, being happily married and in a

good business, did not need my presence and companionship as did my daughter—my only daughter. The first evening of our journey was spent in Norwalk, Ohio, where I addressed the Huron Association on woman's work for heathen women.

September 5. Arrived in Chicago at eight A. M., and having found a boarding place I set about a course of study and clinics at the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary. I remained in Chicago three weeks and while there I attended the Woman's Quarterly Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the West and spoke on their work for heathen women at the Morgan Park Baptist Church. Dear Mrs. Bacon referred to my little book just published, "Korno Siga, or Life in Assam," and the ladies of the congregation received my address to them with enthusiastic appreciation. I met the young lady missionary candidates and was much pleased with them. I took lunch with a friend of my brother Charles, Rev. Mr. Powell, and with our Society's treasurer, Miss Rankin.

I went on to Quincy, Ill., and spent a week with my sister Margaret and her good husband, the Rev. Wm. Stewart. At Quincy I spoke of my medical work to be done in Swatow.

October 1. We had a family reunion at Payson—twenty-seven of my family relatives were

present. I visited the old and dear homestead and my son took the photograph of the house. It was hard to say good-bye to my dear old Mother, eighty-five years old, as I feared we might not meet again on earth. But heaven is near to her and to us all—just as near to China as to America, and we are all immortal until our work on earth is finished, and we hope for a higher and better service in heaven.

October 4. We went on our way to Denver, Col., where we spent two days with my brother James and wife. Here I spoke twice on the foreign mission work, on Sunday afternoon and evening.

October 6. Leaving Denver we strike out over the Rio Grande route into a series of cañons and grand old gorges and chasms which impress me with the majestic grandeur of the old Rockies—grand beyond all description of mine. The sight of them will ever remain with me as a rich legacy.

October 9. At Salt Lake City we visit the Mormon Temple—the Tabernacle and the Assembly Hall. The Hall measures 120 x 68 feet and the seating capacity is 2,500. The cost of erection was \$150,000. The Tabernacle measures 233 x 133 x 70 feet. The seating capacity is 12,000. The corner-stone of the Temple was laid April 12, 1853. The Temple measures

200 x 100 feet, and the height of walls is 100 feet, the middle towers on either end are 200 feet high. It is built entirely of granite—cost of construction \$3,500,000. It has a chair on the top ready for the expected Saviour!

While in Salt Lake City I was grieved to learn that the state of morals among the Mormons was not of a high order.

November 6. We reached Yokohama after three weeks of miserable seasickness on the *Belgic*. There were in all seventeen Baptist missionaries on this steamer, bound for Japan and China.

We spent two days in Yokohama and then took the *Belgic* again for Hongkong, which place we reached November 13th. Hongkong has a most beautiful harbor and is a city of fine buildings and good hotels. The view from the peak, which is reached by a tramway, is a very fine one. Hongkong is an island at the mouth of Canton River, China, belonging to Great Britain. The city of Victoria is on the north side of the island and is a place of importance for trade. Hongkong has belonged to Great Britain since 1842.

November 15 finds us safely landed at our mission home in Swatow—glad indeed to be at our journey's end with no further tribute to pay to old Neptune. I spent three weeks with

the Partridges (the Chinese think Dr. Partridge a second John the beloved disciple). I was delighted with the beauty and comfort of our new home in China. I had expected a shanty and food of the poorest kind, but instead I find a most comfortable house very well furnished and a Chinese cook who was a real master of his calling. And the delicious fruits! the pine-apples, the oranges, the papayas, the lichis, the bananas, the persimmons, the custard apples and the mangoes!

February 15, 1890. It is three months since I commenced the study of the Chinese language. What a difficult language it is! Its tones, its aspirates and its various difficulties seem an impossibility to a woman fifty years old. But I will not be discouraged but work at it faithfully until I can use it successfully in the work I have come to China to do. I must heal the sick and point the patients to the Great Physician.

February 18. What a "petrified fixedness" characterizes the Chinese people! Religion, philosophy and medicine stand just where they did a thousand years ago. It is a mystery how they have managed to change so little in a world so full of changes. The Chinese never give me a rule of conduct, but when questioned why they do so and so or believe so and so, the

reply is, "It is our ancestral custom," and it never occurs to them that they can pursue a course a whit different from that of their ancestors.

Ancestral worship is almost universal and in every house we find ancestral tablets along with the tablet of Confucius. The fear of evil spirits is very prevalent and every effort is made to have their houses so filled with all manner of agricultural implements and household goods that not an inch of room will be left for the evil spirits. They fear to praise their food lest the evil spirit hearing the words of praise will cause the food to disagree with them.

The philosophical system of Confucius is received by the educated class of China and is the basis of the social life, but Buddhism is the popular religion. Ancestral worship is an important feature of the national religion. Tauism also prevails to quite an extent. Tautse is supposed to have lived contemporary with Confucius and to have been some years older than Confucius. Taou signifies rationalism, but Taoism is most irrational and finds its greatest delight in thinking of the atmosphere as being crowded with evil spirits, and the chief end of a Taoist is to outwit the demons. The priests are supposed to control

the evil spirits. There is supposed to be a demon for each eight feet of space. If eight people can be put into that space there will be no room left for demons! Many of the performances of the Taoists resemble the wonders of the modern spiritualists. There are many Mohammedans in China and a few Jews. In North China there is said to be a colony of Jews having their synagogue and still observing strictly the Jewish ceremonies. Both Catholics and Protestants have successful missions in China.

The Chinese Festivals are the New Year, occurring about January 20th of our calendar; Ladies' Day, the second of the Festival, the ladies make calls clad in from three to twelve jackets according to the coldness of the weather.

The Festival of the Tombs occurs in April.

Dragon Boat Festival, in memory of the statesman, Kuh-Yen, occurs on the fifth day of the fifth month. Kuh-Yen offered good but unsuccessful advice to his Emperor in the fifth century before Christ and was drowned by order of the Emperor and now boats everywhere search for the statesman's body on the fifth day of the fifth month.

The Festival of the Seven Sisters of Industry, or the Pleiades, occurs on the seventh day of the seventh month.

The Moon Festival occurs at the end of the harvest.

The Lantern Festival occurs in the first month of spring. Its object is to propitiate the spirits of the drowned and the gods of the water.

"The Worship of the Fire God" Festival occurs in October.

Flying Kite Season Festival occurs soon after the autumnal equinox. Kites are supposed to carry away troubles.

On the ninth day of the ninth month there is a Festival for the "Ascension of the Heights," in fond hope that the northwest wind may carry away all sorrows.

The Feast of the Winter Solstice is observed December 21st, four days before our Christmas. The Ten Festivals I have mentioned are not *all* observed generally in South China.

October 17, 1890. The Fosters and I start at eleven o'clock this morning to visit our mission stations in the Kit Yang district. We were very happy to greet Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore, Sr., just before we started. The day was delightful and we glided swiftly with the tide and a favorable wind on the river to Kit Yang. We passed Nam Leng about 3:30 P. M. and hope to reach Khek Khoi to-morrow morning. It is just a year ago to-day since I left San Francisco on the S. S. *Belgie*. We reached

Khek Khoi that evening but decided to push on to our farthest station, Gueh Sia, while the tide and wind were both so favorable for sailing.

October 18. Mr. Foster went at once upon reaching Gueh Sia to visit the chapel there and found all in good order. We feared the chapel might be filled with farming implements, as sometimes the Chinese Christians are so crowded in their little houses they have not room for the agricultural implements. This chapel had been kept most carefully and orderly for religious services, and so Mr. Foster and the Chinese preachers went at once on a tour of the villages preaching the Gospel everywhere. Mrs. Foster, the Bible women and I set out to visit Hue thâu, a village some three miles distant. We were most cordially welcomed by our Christian people and the village people treated us with much kindness and respect. They listened attentively to the Word of Life as presented to them by Mrs. Foster and the Bible women. The sick came or were brought to me in great numbers and I attended to them as well as I could in so short a visit, and the more serious cases were advised to come to the chapel during dispensary hours. By using our chapels for healing the sick we gave the heathen a lesson of the value of healing both soul and body.

One aged woman excited my deep sympathy—so aged, so sick and so hopeless! We were followed by an immense crowd of the lame, the halt and the blind who begged piteously that I would stop long enough to heal their many diseases. Having only a small quantity of drugs with me I asked them to visit my dispensary at the chapel at my regular dispensing hours.

I was deeply moved by the pitiable condition of this suffering people. And though the heathen boys called us "foreign children," they never once called us "foreign devils," as they often do in hostile regions.

October 19. A most busy day at Gueh Sia. At eight A. M. a prayer service was held on the boat; at 8:45 went to the chapel and Leng Heng, one of our Chinese preachers, had prayers with the people assembled there. At ten A. M. Leng Heng gave a very impressive sermon on the healing of the soul by the Great Physician. After this service we had our Bible school, then had a lunch, and during the day treated over 100 patients besides those treated in the villages, of which I kept no record. At five P. M. we started for our next station, Sua-O, where the Fosters embraced every opportunity of faithfully giving the Gospel message.

October 20. An immense crowd of patients at this place, Sua-O, and I did the best I could

for them and at five P. M. started for my house-boat, where I arrived at eight P. M. very tired, but oh, so glad to have been useful—glad to be even a humble woman doctor.

October 21. Spent the day with Mrs. Foster and the Bible women, visiting the women and children of the village and treating their diseases, Mr. Foster and the preachers being at Po-Chan in evangelistic work.

October 22. Visited Huecheng—among those treated there were two patients with immense abscesses. One of these women had for months been wasting away with two abscesses from which I drew four quarts of pus! After the lancing and the getting out the four quarts of pus I bandaged the whole leg most carefully and left both internal and external remedies for her recovery. Mrs. Foster very gently and very wisely told the woman the story of a Redeeming Friend and a joyous doctrine of salvation, and the woman seemed most grateful and appreciative for what we had done for her. She made a complete recovery.

October 23. Visited Kit Yang—a great and wicked city, and there I treated many patients both at the chapel and at my boat. My boat was anchored near two rest houses on each bank of the river which a former Mandarin official had built that his wife's spirit might rest

when she came to help him in his office in the city and to see that he made wise and just decisions! Would it not be well if all judges had such spiritual advice?

October 24. Went to Khek Khoi, where there were sick and suffering ones. The church members at this place were found by Mr. Foster to be quite indifferent spiritually, and he had earnest talks with them, which seemed to arouse in them a new feeling of responsibility.

October 25. At Nam Leng, Khuang Po and at Kie-thau on Sunday, where I treated all patients who came to me. By this time I was too weary to take long walks in the adjoining villages. It has been a week of hard work. I trust, however, it has done the people good both bodily and spiritually.

At Kie-thau I visited an old Chinese-Christian woman named Lotus, and her forty descendants. Lotus was formerly an interpreter for the gods and lived in the temple of the gods. Her tongue had been split in order to make her voice more impressive! She had become an earnest Christian and the missionaries were always glad to visit her, though they did not think her voice at all melodious! I heard before I left Kie-thau that the man whose wife I treated for chronic abscess of the leg had now given up the worship of idols.

Our trip ended with Kie-thau, the fifteenth station visited and the ninth chapel. About 500 patients treated during the trip. The spiritual results time alone will reveal. Reached home tired but very happy.

November 6, 1900. Today had the joyful privilege of welcoming to Swatow my only daughter, Mary Kay Scott. With her came also the Misses Campbell and Dunwiddie to engage in mission work. Miss Campbell joins her brother and Mrs. Campbell in the work at Kayin, while Miss Dunwiddie is to be my daughter's co-worker and resident companion. A few days after we had Dr. Mabie, the Home Secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, and his travelling companion, Mr. Waterman. We are glad to have these men see our work and give us words of cheer and good wishes. Professor Bragdon's party of Aubern-dale, Mass., spent a few hours and took lunch with us. Home friends are always welcome.

December 5, 1890. The Fosters and I left Swatow this morning for another mission tour. Sending our house-boats ahead that we might not be obliged to go so slowly through the jam of boats at the entrance of the canal and wishing also to avoid the difficult passage under the Tie-Ie bridge, we started from Swatow in our little boat which the Chinese call a sam-

pan, and reached the canal in about an hour, and from there we walked three miles across the big and idolatrous city of Tie-Ie to our boats, which we had sent on ahead.

December 6. Reached our first stopping place, Kui-Su, about three-thirty this afternoon, having had a pleasant sail through both the bay and the river. It is raining too hard for us to enter Kui-Su, hence Mrs. Foster and I remain in our boats while Mr. Foster goes to our chapel.

December 7. This is a rainy Sunday but a profitable one. We attend service at the chapel at eleven A. M. and communion service at two P. M.

December 8. Many patients to-day. Went this afternoon to a near-by village where several seemed interested in the Gospel message. To-morrow we go to Hue-Sua-thau.

December 9. Visited Sua-thau and four other villages. Found many people and much medical work in all of these places. Many came for healing. All seemed much more interested in bodily healing than in the health of the soul.

December 10. Took sedan chairs and went seven miles to Nam-Ie and Chiet-lio. Many patients at this last-named village. The women listened well to Mrs. Foster and the Bible women as they told the story of redeeming love.

At Nam-Ie a theatre was in full blast and

there were many gods in the market-place for the people to worship. The foreigner is such a strange sight that the actors in the theatre often leave their play and come out on the street to see the "foreign devils."

December 11. At Nam Khe and Bua Chih Khe. At the latter named place many patients and many listeners to the Gospel message.

December 12. Reached Kang Sai at 8:30 A. M. Met here a man from Siam who had found comfort for a great sorrow in the Christian religion.

December 13. A bright and beautiful day which was thoroughly appreciated after two days of heavy rain. Visited Khe-Khau and Toa Pou. Found the chapel at Khe-Khau in good condition. The Christian women at Toa Pou gave us a cordial welcome.

December 14. At Khou Khoi we had one of the best days we have had in China. At the flourishing chapel a large and a very interesting audience gathered both morning and evening, and sixty partook of the communion elements at the afternoon service. One old man, deformed by spinal curviture, was baptized, but his soul beamed out from his wrinkled face with the joy born of the Christian's hope. I think he will make a useful church member. Thus has ended my second tour with the Fosters in mission work.

December 25. Enjoyed much having our missionary workers with us for Christmas dinner.

January 1, 1891. Our week of prayer was one full of interest, and for me one of hard work. Many sick people who required my attention day and night. I came near breaking down but rallied as soon as I got a chance to rest.

Soon after the week of prayer Toa Peh, the daughter of one of our best preachers, was attacked with severe hemorrhage of the lungs which came near causing her death. The wife of another preacher had at the same time an immense carbuncle which came near proving serious. Tuberculosis, and carbuncles, too, are quite common in China.

February 9. Chinese New Year. I am having a comparative rest, as my patients are fast improving, and there are few patients in the hospital or visiting the dispensary during the Chinese New Year holidays. It is thought to be a bad omen to acknowledge yourself ill during the Chinese New Year festival. They must smile and be happy then whether they really feel happy or not. In this respect they seem to be Christian Scientists! Heard from a woman upon whose eyes I operated for entropion that she is now worshiping the true God. The operation was quite successful and she is now very happy over her good eyes.

February 15. Rev. Smith of the English Presbyterian Mission died—a faithful, earnest worker gone to a higher and better service for his Master.

February 15. The Fosters, Miss Dunwiddie, my daughter and I went in the sampan to Thong-O and had a good day with the church there. We were fearfully seasick while out on the open sea. We tried to “forget it” and sing hymns, but our singing was often interrupted by the leading soprano being obliged to pay her tribute to Neptune. We walked three miles of the way home in order to avoid the open sea in our little boat.

February 16. Attended the funeral services for Mr. Smith and was much impressed by the large audience of Chinese Christians present. Mr. Smith has been a good and faithful friend to the Chinese. He was of the English Presbyterian Mission.

February 17. Started with Miss Dunwiddie and my daughter for a trip to Kit Yang, where I am opening up a dispensary in order to reach the many who are sick and beg my services. I send my dispensary furniture by a Chinese freight boat while the young ladies and I go in the house-boat. We had a fine breeze and the tide was in our favor. We reached Kit Yang about 7:30 P. M.

February 18. Got my dispensary in working order—no patients—as no one knew of my coming. We visited the Temple and the Ancestral Hall and a haunted house where a good but unpopular Mandarin committed suicide. As a consequence of this suicide no one will rent this fine large house and it is fast going to ruin.

February 19. Only about thirty patients at the dispensary, as it was a stormy day. We left Kit Yang for home at noon. I trust this beginning of medical work at Kit Yang will be a successful venture and sincerely desire that it become a centre for the establishment of an inland hospital which will prove a great blessing to the Kit Yang people and to the very populous surrounding country.

February 27. Again en route for Kit Yang, where I hope to do effectual work at my dispensary. As my dispensary work is done in our chapel, which is a mile or more distant from where my house-boat must anchor, it makes it a little tiresome to get to my boat when I am much wearied with the work of the busy day. I am taking my hospital Bible woman with me this time. She can relieve me of part of the drudgery.

February 28. This has been a very busy and profitable day. Many patients and some

truly interested in the Way of Life. One old man, hopelessly blind, smiled when I told him of the good and perfect eyesight he would have in heaven. Very many eyes to be treated and some to be operated upon for entropion and ectropion. Many cases of fever and very many of diarrhea, dysentery and skin diseases, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI

CLIPPINGS FROM MY JOURNAL (*Continued*)

March 1, 1891. It can hardly be expected that one who has been in China so short a time can give information of value with reference to the people and the mission work. I may, however, be allowed to say that I am most favorably impressed with the character of the work done by our former and present missionaries in Swatow.

The Chinese impress me as an energetic people with much of push in them. They have rightly been called "Oriental Yankees." The foundation of the Swatow Mission has been laid by wise master builders and the fruits of thorough, substantial building are now apparent. No worthless, showy material has been used to greet the eye and call forth bursts of admiration. Not that the converts are perfect; they need the presence of the missionary to enthuse and inspire them to an earnest evangelistic work. The native preachers and Bible women emphatically need the presence of our missionaries in the village work. Could we

only have a sufficient number of missionaries to allow a half dozen to be constantly at work among the teeming masses, aiding and directing the native workers, I believe we would soon see grand results in a great ingathering of souls. But how limited is the supply of missionaries! Our Missionary Union has at this time only one preaching missionary for the vast population speaking the Swatow dialect! Is there a more needy mission anywhere?

This great nation has, in the inscrutable providence of God, been kept back until the present era. The days of hatred to the foreigner and to Western education are passing away and the day-star of a brighter era dawns upon China. Could our friends at home see the needs of this great empire, as we who are here see them, we should have reinforcements by hundreds instead of by units. The importance of the medical work grows upon me the more I know of the Chinese people.

Dr. Caroline Daniells has made a valuable opening for women doctors here and I attribute my cordial reception to the good work she has done in years past. There is this difference between the medical and evangelistic work: the people seek the doctor and follow his advice, while the evangelistic worker must seek the people. I am intensely interested in the med-

ical work as it opens up before me. The healing of the body brings me into such a relation with these people that I can more readily touch and influence their souls. I endeavor to say some word, to each sufferer I heal, that will lead to a trust in the Great Physician. The great end and aim of my presence in China is to lead, through bodily healing, to the healing of the soul. It was for this soul-saving work that I came to China. My medical work is but a stepping-stone to this. Sometimes I get very weary of all the loathsome diseases and foul odors and the great number of sick to be healed. Yes, sometimes I long to be present at church services and take the dear friends of the First Baptist Church, Cleveland, by the hand and tell them to be glad they don't live in China. And then I think of my work here,—of the great throng of sick and unsaved ones—of my Lord's command, "Go ye," and my heart swells with joy that it is my privilege to be a co-worker with Jesus—to minister to others rather than to be ministered unto, and I am then content and glad to work on for my Master, weary *in* the work but not weary *of* it.

March 10. This morning the son and several of the servants of a Chinese official who has charge of one of the Forts near Swatow came for me to go to see the official who was

suffering from a badly ulcerated foot. He sent his own gig and his liveried servants for me and I was quickly taken to the Fort. I took my Bible woman with me. I found the official reclining on his divan. After treating his foot I was invited to the reception room where refreshments were served on a table covered with a gold and scarlet embroidered table-cloth.

March 14. Again visited Kit Yang Dispensary, this time going by launch, which has recently been put into daily service between Swatow and Kit Yang. The launch was densely crowded and I was obliged to sit in an opium smoker's den, with many smokers, for four long hours. But the shortness of the time required to reach Kit Yang compensated for the discomfort, and I was thankful for the launch. After leaving the launch at Kit Yang I walked a long distance into the city to our chapel, where my dispensary is located. I had a very satisfactory time at the dispensary with a nice class of patients and some were interested in the Gospel. One poor woman wept bitterly when she feared I could not get time to attend to her. But I did attend to her, carefully, and made her happy with a remedy that cured her.

I slept in a little side room of the chapel. The rats were very familiar, and though there

were two or three cats in the chapel the rats scampered over my bed and through the little room all night. Had it not been for my mosquito net I think they would have made personal attacks upon me. One of our young lady missionaries was careless and put her foot outside of the net and a rat gnawed her big toe! Blessed are mosquito nets in China!

The religious services both on Saturday and Sunday—earnest and enthusiastic preaching by Po Heng and Ngan. I returned home by launch, this time preferring to sit on the deck in the rain amid a vast and motley crowd rather than again be shut up for four hours in an opium den. A new steamer was afterward put on this route, which is more comfortable and much larger, having private rooms for those who wish them.

April 24. Have regularly visited Kit Yang every fortnight and found many patients awaiting my coming. My last visit to Kit Yang was made by house-boat and only occupied five and one-half hours. This is the quickest house-boat trip I have ever made. Much depends upon the wind and the tides in the Swatow district—indeed it is called “The tide district” by the Chinese. I treated only sixty patients on the twenty-fifth and was not fatigued.

April 26. This is Sunday, but I treated

forty patients—attended the two religious services. The preachers and Bible women had an excellent opportunity to preach the Word to the many waiting patients and their attendants.

May 6. A woman patient from a near-by village. Her little baby died when only three days old. The same day her opium-smoking husband demanded of her a good dinner quickly cooked and served. She had no money to buy anything savory—she was weak and miserable, and her heart full of sorrow over the death of her baby, and did not succeed in pleasing her exacting husband and he beat her most cruelly. This was eight months ago and she has not recovered from the effects of the beating. Another woman was beaten by her mother-in-law for unbinding her feet. A disease that had recently afflicted the family is supposed by the mother-in-law to be caused by the daughter-in-law unbinding her feet. The life of the daughter-in-law in China is a very miserable one of servitude to a cruel heathen mother-in-law. It is all very different in our Christian families.

May 10. As the hot season is now on, I find I cannot visit Kit Yang many more times until the cool season shall set in. My last visit to the Kit Yang Dispensary is now a necessity

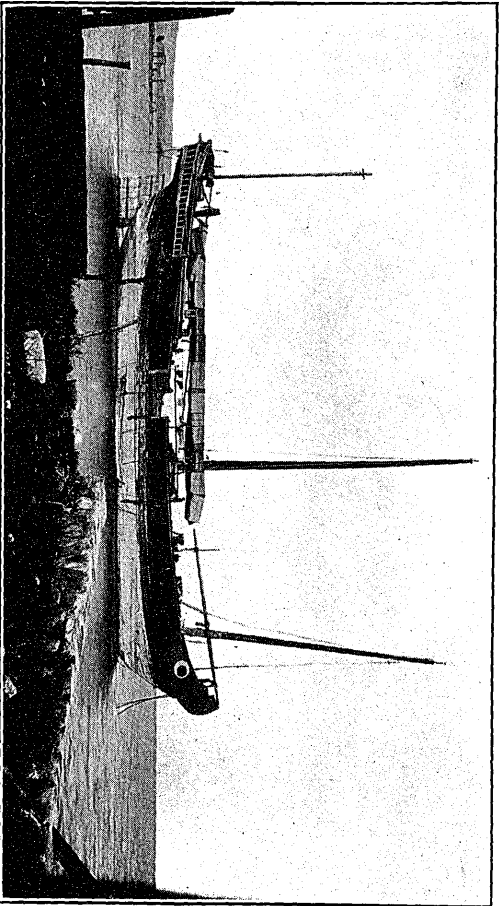
and I must close it until October. There are many patients who eagerly await my coming and I am very sorry to stay away for three or four months in the very needy time.

On this trip I found much hard work to do and many patients sorrowing because I could not see them again until October. How I need Chinese assistants!

May 25. I was quite tired out and ill, and went to Double Island for a brief stay and returned much benefited by the bracing sea air and the sea bathing. Our house at Double Island was built by the generosity of Mrs. Caldwell of New York City.

October 9. The number of patients in the hospital has been unusually large. One old woman who has been healed is so happy and thankful that her example over the other patients is very good.

I must mention here a very destructive typhoon which occurred September 23. Our beautiful Compound suffered much injury. The tiles were blown from the roofs of our houses and water deluged our rooms and their furniture. Many junks and other Chinese boats were blown upon the Bund and wrecked and our mission boat was totally wrecked. Many of our large and beautiful trees were blown down. But the walls of our houses, being of pounded,



CHINESE JUNK

hard concrete, escaped unharmed. Many boats belonging to fishermen where families lived in the boats were lost and the women and children sought refuge in our mission buildings, where we were glad to minister to their needs.

October 20. Again visited Kit Yang Dispensary and treated many patients. Miss Dunwiddie and my daughter gave me valuable help in arranging drugs and making powders. As only a few people knew I was again opening my work at Kit Yang, there were only seventy-five patients. Six women from a distant village seemed much interested in the doctrine. The Bible women instructed them and I hope to hear good tidings of them later on.

October 22 and 23. Spent these two days at Khek Khoi and treated 100 patients. Visited a deacon who suffers from heart disease—found him bright and cheerful. He has been hopelessly ill for two years. He seemed cheered and comforted by our visit.

October 24. Reached home at 6:30 A. M. and went at once to the Kakchich Dispensary and found a large number of patients waiting for me.

November 6. I make the trip this time to Kit Yang in a mission house-boat, so that I may rest at night without being disturbed by patients and vermin. Our house-boats are pro-

vided with comfortable beds. The pressure upon me is so great when I remain day and night at the chapel dispensary that I fear a breakdown and a necessity to give up this blessed work for the Master.

November 8. Treated 105 patients to-day. How I wish these people were as eager for soul healing as they are for the healing of their bodies!

November 17. Visited Chow Yang and arranged for the opening of a dispensary there.

November 19. The military officer, whose foot I treated at the Fort some months ago, came to thank me for my professional visit to him and I embraced the opportunity of giving him a tract on "True Happiness," and also one on "Trusting Heaven." I also gave him a few books to distribute among opium smokers.

December 3. Made a second visit to the dispensary at Chow Yang and treated twenty-five patients. Returned home in a severe storm. The bay being very rough and one boat, of the size of the one I was in, was capsized and was floating upside down. The crew and passengers were saved. This bay is a treacherous one and many are annually drowned in it, many of them fishermen.

December 4. The aged sexton of the Kit Yang chapel died November 20, from ptomaine

poison, caused by eating the flesh of a hog which had died of disease. He was a sincere Christian and a faithful helper, but he had never heard of ptomaine poison and knew nothing of germs big or little.

December 6. Early this morning walked three miles to visit A Chuan's son very ill with tuberculosis—a cavity in each lung—has recently thrown up two pieces of lung the size of a hen's egg. I left medicine for him, but it is a hopeless case. Tuberculosis is a very common disease in China. Arrived at Khek Khoi at 4:30 and called upon Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore, Sr., in their tidy and homelike houseboat. Went to my own boat and retired early that I might be ready for a hard day's work on the morrow.

December 21. Dr. Alice Ross, a most capable medical worker, having come to be my co-worker, went with me to Kit Yang, where we treated about 100 patients and reached home Sunday evening at six P. M.

January 11, 1892. Dr. Ross and I visited Chow Yang and treated twenty patients.

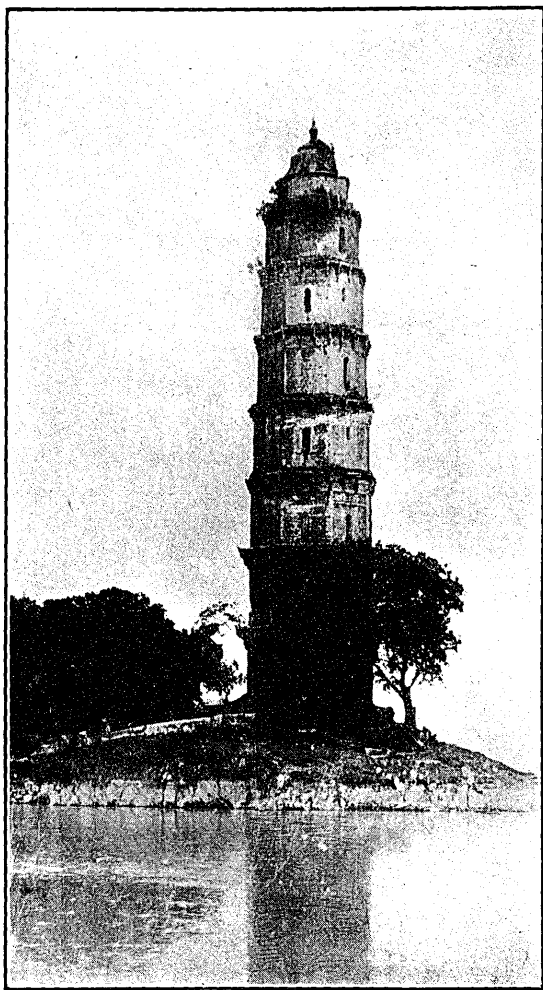
January 12. Four of us, Dr. Ross, Miss Dunwiddie, my daughter and I started out for an extended trip, two of us in each houseboat. We reached Nam Leng at dusk. The following morning we visited Nam Leng and Chhi-

Kung and treated forty patients. The Bible women and the two evangelistic missionaries did faithful work at these two villages, but did not find the people as ready to listen to the doctrine as at some other places. They liked better to examine our clothes.

January 12. Visited two other villages and treated seventy-one patients. Thus far on the trip have treated 111. The people of these last mentioned villages were more ready to listen to the doctrine.

January 14. Treated forty-five patients at Khék Khoi, and in the afternoon went with the evangelistic missionaries to visit a village where a few Christians live. An immense crowd gathered around us who listened well to the word as taught by the young ladies and the Bible women. Treated to-day fifty-one patients—thus far on the trip 162 patients.

January 15. Treated forty-five patients and at two P. M. we are en route for Kit Yang, where we treated sixty-one patients and left for home at one P. M., the evangelistic ladies going on to Mng Kau-nie to visit missionary associates, the Campbells. While on our way home, via the south branch of the river, we halted for a few hours at a large pagoda, and as we climbed the steep hill on which the pagoda is built we were obliged to go over a Chinese cemetery



A CHINESE PAGODA

where many of the graves had caved in and we could see skulls and spinal columns in the dilapidated graves!

The height of the pagoda is said to be 309 feet. The structure is now in a sad state of ruin and desolation and I did not dare to climb up to the top of this tall building. As we came down the hill one of our Chinese assistants showed us into a joss house and opened up the sacred greasy curtains and exposed the sacred idol which the Chinese worship, Lau-ia.

February 19. At Khek Khoi Dr. Ross and I treated a large number of patients—one case of a man who had been bitten by a crazy woman. His arm and hand were dreadfully swollen and he had found no help from native remedies. Dr. Ross is favorably impressed with this place for a permanent dispensary. She has decided to spend a month here, believing that she can acquire the language quicker by living among these village people.

March 5. Miss Dunwiddie has kindly gone with Dr. Ross to Kit Yang, where she (Dr. Ross) has treated fifty patients and remained on at Khek Khoi for a month.

March 9. Miss Dunwiddie, my daughter and I leave our home to spend a week at Kau Nam. Here we have a very comfortable chapel and the people very friendly. I treated forty-two

patients on Saturday and 120 on Sunday and attended four religious services. A Thong preached a very practical sermon at the eleven o'clock service from the text, "What shall it profit a man," etc., etc., and for his text at the afternoon service he talked of the rich man and Lazarus. On Monday treated 134 patients with the help of the young ladies in preparing and giving out the remedies. Total number treated on this trip, 294. The majority of these cases were eye and skin diseases. It took only a short time to make the diagnosis and the young ladies were of great help to me. But as they had their own evangelistic work to do, I felt that I must not monopolize their time.

March 15. I go on to other villages and in two days had 475 applications for treatment, the total number for the week being 771.

March 17. Visited the residence and Ancestral Hall of a noted Chinese admiral, whose home was in Po-Leng. His mother and six wives received us very cordially and served us with nice refreshments, the table cover being handsomely embroidered in gold thread. I treated the aged mother's eyes. We then went to our house-boat, which we had left anchored some five miles from Kau Nam. Here we found the men of the village near-by assembled to settle a case of theft on our boat. It is the

Chinese custom to hold the nearest village responsible for all thefts. I decided to settle this case myself. I called the head men of the village and told them that the worth of the articles stolen from our boat was \$3.50, and asked them to pay me that sum and I would not let the Mandarin have the case. I knew the Mandarin would make the village pay at least \$15.00 and the stolen articles were not worth more than \$3.50. The head men of the village were delighted to get off so lightly and said, "The Christian people are just and kind."

March 18, 19 and 20. Went on to Kit Yang where I found seventy-five patients waiting for me at our chapel. At one P. M. set sail for home, with wind and tide both against me.

May 13. Dr. Ross has made the last two trips to Kit Yang and Khek Khoi and has done fine work. There were several very serious cases in the hospital at Kakchich, Swatow, and I could not leave them for the country work.

May 20. I again visit Kit Yang and find many patients at the chapel awaiting my coming and I treated 100 patients and go on to Khek Khoi, where I treated 200 patients. Was completely tired out until I had a cup of tea which made me feel quite myself again and I go back to Kakchich with renewed strength to again take up my hospital work there.

October 20. The rains and the intense heat have prevented my attendance at the Kit Yang and Khek Khoi Dispensaries for the past five months. This morning at nine o'clock I am off once more to see what I can do for the healing of body and soul of the people. It is a great joy to know that the Lord is the guide and helper of those who trust in him. I am very thankful that I have my daughter with me. She is a priceless treasure and is proving an excellent missionary. I am rich indeed in having such a daughter besides two noble sons in the United States. It would be wicked for me to be discontented or repine.

We have been forcibly reminded of the uncertainty of life by the fearful wreck of the *Bokhara* off our coast. My boat is anchored at Khek Khoi near the bridge. I went at once to the chapel and arranged for dispensary work for to-morrow. I found some delicious pomegranates on a tree in the chapel yard. At Khek Khoi had only forty patients. I can attend to the tens so much better than to big confusing multitudes. I failed to meet my little patient who has recently lost her babe. She has become a Christian since I first met her. I sent comforting words to her, bidding her to still trust in the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father.

October 22. Treated fifty patients at Kit Yang and visited at the home of a well-to-do family, where I lanced a huge abscess for a young woman who had been a great sufferer for a month. The whole family seemed very grateful and were astonished at the great amount of pus—three quarts. The native doctor never uses the bistoury, hence the poor people have to endure much unnecessary suffering, as boils and abscesses as well as carbuncles are very common. The foreign doctor is coming to be more and more appreciated.

October 23. Spent the day at Phau-tai, where I treated forty patients. The weather was very warm. Our boat was anchored near some huge stones and the heat was unbearable, hence I had the boatmen remove the boat to a cooler place. One of the young women here has been interested in Christian doctrine. She invited us into her house. An aged couple listened well to the story of a Saviour and his love. One hundred patients were treated at Phau-tai.

November 11. Treated fifty patients at Khek Khoi. Was very glad to see the little patient who has recently lost her child and who is, I believe, a true Christian.

November 12. Treated eight patients at Kit Yang chapel and now at 4:30 P. M. have returned to my house-boat. Have had a satis-

factory day. The Bible woman has been faithful in her work.

While at Kit Yang visited a family who seemed to have much faith in the foreign doctor, as the daughter-in-law had been healed of a disease and had become a Christian. I visited at the home of A Long, one of the Bible women, who has recently died. It was a comfort to this aged saint in her last days to know her son was no longer an opium smoker.

December 1, 2 and 3. Treated 130 patients at Khek Khoi and Kit Yang, and returned home by launch Sunday morning, as one of our Bible women was seriously ill at Kakchich and I thought it best to return to her as soon as possible. Had a very profitable time at Kit Yang.

December 22 and 23. Again at Kit Yang. This time made the trip in my new boat, *Mercy*, which I have just bought of the German Consul, Mr. Streich. It is a great comfort to me to own this very useful and much needed boat. Treated 200 patients at Kit Yang and go to Phau-tai, where I spend my Christmas day and start for home in order to be at my Kakchich dispensary at nine A. M. to-morrow morning.

January 5, 1893. Started this morning for Am Po, having my daughter as working com-

panion. As the chapel at Am Po is under extensive repairs we spent our time in visiting our Christian people and selling a large number of leaflets and calendars.

January 8, Sunday. Attended three religious services and doctored the sick between the meetings. My daughter is to stay here while I go to my Khek Khoi dispensary. Then we are to visit the departmental city, Chow-chow-fu, in company.

January 13. At Kit Yang, after spending a time at Khek Khoi, where I treated about 200 patients. At Kit Yang was able to have a more restful day, while the Bible women and preachers were doing earnest evangelistic work. Returning to my boat I at once set sail for Phautai. A heavy rain all day at this place. Went to the chapel for the morning service but felt so cold and tired that I went to the boat, and to bed with a hot water bottle.

January 16. Am delayed in starting for Chow-chow-fu by the intensely cold weather. Have never known it so cold in China. Great icicles hang from the roof of my boat and I can only keep warm by remaining in bed. The Chinese say they have not had such cold weather for fifty years. Eight of the Chinese are said to have frozen to death. At Hongkong it was colder—temperature there twenty-six degrees.

How I pity the Chinese when such cold weather comes! They have no fires in their houses and no warm clothes or bedding.

January 21. Am again at Am Po, en route for Chow-chow-fu. Had only twenty-five patients at Am Po and went on with my daughter to a village where we have a house of prayer and a Bible woman, also a few church members. Treated seventy-five patients here and went on to Chow-chow-fu, where we spent four days. My daughter spent the time most profitably in evangelistic work among the women and girls, while I treated 110 patients. Whole number on this trip, 210.

February 3. Am again at Khek Khoi, where I treated 100 patients and sent medicines to nearly another 100. At Kit Yang February 4, where I treated 120 patients and sent medicine to eighty, not including babies in arms, of whom there were thirty patients. In the afternoon I went with Miss Ricketts, of the English Presbyterian Mission, to visit an old man with a diseased arm. I did the best I could for him. Miss Ricketts is a fine worker.

February 5. Was obliged to lay over from ten A. M. to six A. M. the following day on account of a high wind and heavy sea.

April 6. After two months detention at Kakchich I am once more en route for Kit

Yang and Khek Khoi. I hope to visit Phon Leng also. Treated 175 at the dispensaries of Kit Yang and Khek Khoi. A sad case of a woman with stricture of the esophagus—a case difficult to deal with successfully.

CHAPTER XII

JOURNAL CLIPPINGS (*Continued*)

April 30, 1893. After treating more than a hundred patients at Kit Yang I was taken very ill with fever and severe nausea—vomiting continued for twenty-four hours. If my daughter had not been with me I know not what I should have done. She was in every way most helpful and gave me quinine and bismuth, which helped me much. I was indeed glad to reach our comfortable Kakchich home. The bay was fearfully rough and our boat was badly tossed about, but I was too ill to heed it. I was suffering from the poison of fatigue.

May 20. Could not make my accustomed trip to Kit Yang, as my strength was not sufficient for the strenuous work there and the hot season was already on in full force. Hence my country work stops until October.

October 30. This is my first country trip of the autumn. The condition of my patients at Kakchich was such that I could not leave the hospital. My daughter is again with me and we have had a profitable time—she in the

evangelistic work and I in the medical. Treated over 200 patients and attended nine religious services during the four days of our stay at Kit Yang.

November 25. Am very happy to do my dispensary work in a nice new house, on the bank of the river, built for our work by Dr. Ashmore, Sr. Worth Brown is with me and I much enjoy his company. He seems much interested in the medical work and I hope he may some day be a medical missionary. I now am taking my work easier and give out tickets, which take all patients in the order of their ticket number. I can do much better work in this way and do not get so fearfully tired each day.

November 30. During the past six days have treated 330 and have had a Sabbath of quiet rest. Am alone in this new and comfortable house where I can sleep without rats and other annoyances keeping me awake. How I appreciate this house! The new chapel in connection with the house affords room also for good dispensary work. The Bible women and preachers are doing good work in earnest talks with the patients.

December 22, 23. In these two days have treated 216 patients. Am very tired and shall much enjoy a quiet Sunday. I no longer see

crowds of patients on Sunday—only the serious cases. Am glad to hear of the conversion of one of my patients and her husband, A Hiap. These two were taught the Truth by one of my cured opium smokers, who has proved a faithful Christian worker.

January 19, 20, 1894. 140 patients.

January 21, 22, 23. Treated 135 and went to Phau-tai to make ready a dispensing room. Reached home on the twenty-fourth.

February 16. En route for Nam Leng. Reaching there I visited the Christian families and former patients who had been cured in my Kakchich hospital and treated eighty patients at the Nam Leng chapel.

Sunday the 18th. Spent at Kie-tau and visited Lotus, the aged Christian woman of whom I have before spoken. She is now very feeble and near her heavenly home. Visited many of my former patients at Kie-tau and go on to Phau-tai and arrange with the carpenter there to put my dispensary in good order. Had only four patients here and go on to Po Kia and Ho-Ie, where I treated about 100 patients, and then had a severe attack of influenza. Indeed, I have been suffering with premonitions of this disease for a week. Have had my daughter's help for four days, and hence at Kit Yang was able to see about 130 patients. Could not have

done this if my daughter had not given me great assistance. She talks the Chinese language well—I speak it very poorly. I was past fifty years old when I first tackled it.

Sunday, February 25. I attended services at the Khek Khoi chapel to-day. Could not sit up on account of extreme weakness following the attack of influenza. Sokhi, Speed's son-in-law, is now assisting me and he gave the treatment necessary to about fifty patients. My appetite is slowly returning and I shall soon recover strength for my work.

February 26. Left Khek Khoi at nine A. M. and stopped at Ho-Ie to see a sick woman I had treated on a previous trip and then on for home. I am due again in Kit Yang on the seventeenth of the second Chinese month. Whole number of patients during the ten days' trip, 479.

March 23, 24. Have quite recovered from influenza and am again at Kit Yang and am able to treat ninety-three patients without great fatigue.

April 7. Was ready to start for Chow-chow-fu, but the heavy rain prevented, and quite unexpectedly my daughter, who had gone on before me the day before, came home, her boat having been struck by lightning and badly damaged during the previous night. The thunder was in crashing peals during the whole night.

The boat leaked badly, as there was a hole in the bottom, where the bolt of lightning had passed into the river. One boatman was struck and was quite unconscious for several hours, but recovered.

We are all very thankful for the sparing of my daughter's precious life as well as the lives of all on board. The electric storm was the severest I have experienced in China. The heathen boatmen said the "Christian's God is very good and powerful, else Miss Scott could not have endured such a storm and one so long continued." Four days afterward we started, both of us, in my house-boat for Chow-chow-fu. The storm and the fearful experiences of the night, when the boat was wrecked and one man struck by lightning, was a very severe nervous shock to my daughter, but we felt that it was better to be in the boat and at our work rather than to stay at home where many were hourly calling to talk over the trying event. We anchored our boat at the same place Mary's boat had been wrecked and went into the village for our work—Mary, with her Bible woman's help, in evangelistic work, and I in the healing of many patients.

April 12. At Am Po treated forty patients.

April 14. At Phu Ie treated seventy-five patients.

April 15. At Phu Ie treated ninety patients.

April 16, 17. At Chow-chow-fu treated forty patients.

April 24 to May 7. Am at Kit Yang in our comfortable little house on the bank of the river where I treat 665 patients. This must close my country work for the spring, as the weather is growing intensely hot. In October I hope to again renew it with new strength and greater success, as I hope to have a new hospital building put up. Mrs. Spencer, of Spencerport, New York, is the generous donor of the larger part of the money for this hospital.

Our Dr. Alice Ross was obliged to leave Swatow for the homeland before she had been here a full year. We were very sorry to lose her, but the hot season brought to her an illness from which she could not recover in China.

October 14. Am at Kit Yang, where I occupy for the first time our new little hospital building. Mary is with me but goes on tomorrow to work farther north. I remained at Kit Yang a week and while there treated 620 patients, of whom quite a number were hospital patients. Two families, when I visited their sick, cast away their idols and all of their idolatrous scrolls. One student graduate treated patients at the south gate and did satisfactory work.

November 30. Have had the great pleasure of welcoming Dr. Josephine Bixby as a co-worker. She accompanied me to Kit Yang, where Dr. Bixby did fine work in treatment and operations on the eyes. Dr. Bixby is a specialist in this branch of the work and the Chinese fully appreciate her skill and ability. We treated in all 784 patients during the three weeks we were at Kit Yang.

February 1, 1895. Among the patients to-day was a very respectable man of about sixty years. I knew I had seen him before, but could not recall his name until he reminded me that four years ago he was in my Kakchich hospital to be cured of a troublesome disease. At the hospital he heard of the Christians' God and became a believer and a regular attendant at the Kit Yang chapel. There are some seven or eight believers in his village, and when Mary visited there she was most cordially received. The medical prepares the way for the Gospel work.

February 3. After service to-day a nice-looking young man came to speak with me and I recognized him as the patient I had cured when he was near death's door in October last. He expressed much gratitude for his cure. He and his mother are now regular attendants at the Kit Yang chapel, whereas previously the

whole family were idolaters. The whole idolatrous outfit of idols and scrolls has been burned. The first death in our little hospital occurred Friday—a little girl eight years old—her father a heathen and her mother a new hearer and a very weak believer. The child had worms. The abdomen and limbs were badly swollen when she was brought to the hospital, and I had little hope of her recovery ; but last night she seemed better and early this morning ate a bowl of congee and died suddenly soon after. We have tried to comfort the poor mother and lead her to the Saviour who loved little children and who will care for the child a thousand times more tenderly than a mother can.

February 28. During my month's stay in Kit Yang over 1,000 patients have been treated besides 100 at Phau-tai. When I reached home I found patients from the island of Namoa awaiting me at the Kakchich hospital. They were sent me by a Chinese scholar who had been cured at the hospital. One woman was operated on—a minor surgical operation—and others for entropion.

Successful surgery appeals strongly to the Chinese.

April 12, 1896. Dr. Bixby and I are again at Kit Yang. Was sent for to see an old

woman who had been severely beaten by her husband, son and daughter-in-law. Her wounds not serious. She will recover. As usual I was besieged by a throng of patients clamoring for medicine, but I refused to treat them on the streets. I never traverse these narrow streets, so full of vile odors from cesspools, nor enter the dark and filthy houses, without a shudder, and I come back to our chapels and dispensaries with a heart truly thankful that I am not a Chinese woman. Their poor hearts are as narrow and dark as their houses.

One aged woman sat on her door-step in a forlorn and hopeless condition, and when I asked her if she had any hopes for the future she told me that all the joy she knew lay in the fact that she had four sons and eight grandsons. Average number of patients, sixty each day. Many very interesting cases of which I have not the time to write.

April 28. Obligated to return to Kakchich to-day, as the Partridges are leaving for the United States, and I wish to help them off. They have been faithful and valuable workers in the Swatow Mission, and we are sorry that failing health takes them home with but small hope of returning. Dr. Bixby and Mary remain on to close up the hospital at Kit Yang until next October. Meanwhile a school will be taught

by Mr. Ang in the hospital building. My hospitals at Kakchich are full and the plague, bubonic, is raging in Swatow.

April 20, 1900. Four years have passed since I last wrote in my diary. Many things have happened since then. I have been in the blessed land of my ancestors and have again taken my place in the work here. As I am separated from my two sons and their families I am doubly thankful for my daughter's companionship. We have with us Miss Wilkinson, a most capable co-worker and a member of our household.

January 1, 1901. My records have been few. I have not written in the diary since the fearful riots and uprising of the summer of 1900. Mary, Miss Wilkinson and I spent two months of that memorable summer in the lovely home of the Thompsons in Kobe, Japan.

Mary was married May 7, 1901, to Rev. Geo. H. Waters, of our Mission. Our precious baby boy, Edward Henry Waters, was born October 30, 1902. He lingered with us only five days and then the dear Saviour took him to the better world.

March 8, 1902. The coming of Miss Sollman is a great joy to us all. She seems well fitted for the evangelistic and the educational work for Chinese women and girls.

January, 1904. The many useful articles brought for the hospital by the Worleys have made the patients and hospital helpers very happy. Such beautiful new comforts, and so many bandages, Scripture rolls, card and scrap books! Our Mission has with great joy welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Worley. A man doctor is much needed and we hope Dr. Worley may long be spared as our medical man. The new hospital will soon be finished, and it is a great joy to have its many interests in such capable hands.

February 6. The time draws near when I must retire from this work I love so well. My strength is no longer adequate for this service. It is with sincere regret that I leave it. For nearly fifteen years it has enlisted my heart's deepest interest and joy. I wish I were young and strong and could give forty years more to it. I hope the friends who have so nobly aided me will be as loyal and royal helpers to my successors. The native Christians are dear to me and I am sorry to leave them. I have much sympathy with their shortcomings. The missionaries should have much of that charity that suffereth long and is kind and should ever remember what infinite patience and compassion our Master has with us. These Chinese people have ages of superstition and darkness

back of them and it is wonderful that the converts are as faithful and reliable as our Swatow Christians are. Their love of the Bible and their faith in prayer are wonderful. The Christian patients always pray before they take their medicine!

March 1. I leave for home in a few weeks. Dr. Worley is here to take my place. Our new hospital is finished as far as needed funds are concerned. It is hard for me to leave Mary and George and dear little Herbert. It is plainly my duty to go, however. God bless China.

June 1, 1905. I have been a whole year in the blessed land of my ancestors. My health has improved wonderfully and I go to Cleveland to open medical work. I have passed a rigid examination and received the diploma now necessary to practice in either Illinois or Ohio. Cleveland is the place where I took my medical course, graduating in 1878 at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and also receiving a diploma from the Western Reserve. And yet my heart goes out with a great longing for dear old China and my work there. The dear First Baptist Church in Cleveland appeals strongly to me and I hope to again be useful in the work of that fine church. My home in Chicago with my son, Edward Payson Scott, has been very pleasant, but I have no

definite work here and I must be busy in order to be happy. I am sorry to part with my Chicago children and grandchildren, but I can be more useful in Cleveland. I wish to add here that members of the First Church of Cleveland have been generous helpers to my medical work in China, and I remember their kindness most appreciatingly.

August, 1905. I find my home and medical practice in Cleveland very satisfactory and I am trying to make myself useful in the church work.

January 3, 1906. A dear little boy was added to Mary's happy family—they call him Henry Scott Waters.

December 1, 1906. When I left Swatow in 1904 I little thought I should ever be able to return to the work there. But I am now so very well and I am so much better fitted for medical work in China than I am for the home work that I am now seriously thinking of going back in 1907.

August, 1907. Many of my friends as well as relatives express grave fears of my returning to China at my age. I am sixty-nine years old, it is true, but I am strong and vigorous and I fully believe I can do a good work for at least another term of six and one-half years.

October, 1907. I started alone on the voy-

age to China and reached there safely in November.

I find all at Swatow very glad to see me. We all are sad over the death by drowning of Dr. Worley. Sokhi is still in the work and is supported by our noble helper of the First Church of Cleveland, Mr. H. A. Sherwin. Many seek healing. The work at Kit Yang is most faithfully cared for by Dr. Bixby and I can now do a quiet work in my Kakehich hospital, where many patients are seeking medical and surgical treatment. My daughter and family are in the homeland but will return in 1908. I am truly glad to be again at work in Swatow.

February 23, 1908. A dear little namesake, Annie Hasseltine Kay Scott, was born this day. She is the only child of my youngest son, Edward Payson—is a very bright child.

November 7, 1908. Have the great pleasure of welcoming the Waters family back to their work in Swatow. Herbert and Henry are dear active little fellows and are a great comfort to me. Their father is an able, capable missionary.

April 17, 1910. The past two years have passed very happily with me. The hot months of July and August I have spent on the hills. The work in my hospitals has been cared for in

my absence by my trained hospital helpers and we have kept the hospitals open all the year. Dr. Edythe Bacon is doing a good work at Kit Yang.

The only son of my eldest brother died suddenly January 24, 1910. My brother died four months before this son was born.

April 20, 1910. My seventy-second birthday is very beautifully celebrated by the friends of our Mission and those of the English Presbyterian Mission. Our valued Mrs. Lida Scott Ashmore engineered the affair in her own capable manner and the day was most enjoyable.

April 30, 1911. Fifty years ago to-day Edward and I were married by Rev. J. O. Metcalf in the little Baptist Church at Payson, Ill., and in June of 1862 we started on our way for work among the Mikirs of Assam. I little knew then of the sad future awaiting me when the light of my mortal life went out and I was left alone with three wee children, the eldest six and the youngest but three weeks old. But goodness and mercy have followed me during all the years.

June 25, 1911. The weather has been intensely hot for weeks. My work has been heavy and the Chinese odors have been exceedingly large. The patients with their perspiration, their wounds and putrifying sores have

made the work trying. But so many have been healed and have been so appreciative that I try to forget all the unpleasant things and only feel happy that I am privileged to do this blessed work. Best of all, many have been led to the Great Physician—many have returned to give glory to God. I personally more and more rejoice in the wideness of God's mercy and his never failing love. I am very tired, and by the kindness of dear Cleveland friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Swasey, I am able to visit a dear missionary friend in Japan, Mrs. Ashmore, Sr., and hope to return with new vigor and with rested nerves. "My hope I cannot measure—my path to life is free—my Saviour has my treasure and I will walk with him."

December. My stay in Japan was delightful. The cheering companionship of Mrs. Ashmore in her lovely cottage in Karuizawa,—the grand and impressive scenery were all much enjoyed. The active volcano, nine miles from Karuizawa, was unusually active and resulted in the death of one mountain climber, a beloved missionary of the American Presbyterian Mission.

I returned to Swatow September 27, having been absent three months. My assistants have done very good and faithful work during my

absence and I was able to take up the work with renewed vigor. I shall never cease to be thankful to the Swaseys and to Mrs. Ashmore for the delightful summer of 1911 I spent in beautiful Japan.

December 15. The South China Conference has voted to ask for a man doctor for the Edward Payson Scott Memorial Hospital and I hope he can come next autumn. I shall be doubly happy if my granddaughter, Dr. Mildred Scott, can also come to take charge of the Martha Thresher Memorial Hospital for the erection of which we are under lasting and thankful obligation to the Beavers of Dayton, Ohio, and other Ohio friends. As it will require two years of language study for the new missionaries to prepare for this work I hope I can hold on until they are ready to take it over. My trained hospital helpers, who have each had four years of study and four years practical work in my hospitals, are a great help and comfort to me. Of these trained helpers I now have two men and three women in the two hospitals at Kakchich. The two men are supported by Mr. H. A. Sherwin.

CHAPTER XIII

JOURNAL CLIPPINGS (*Concluded*)

March, 1912. I have had a very satisfactory talk to-day with our deacon from White Pagoda Village. He was one of my first patients in China. He was brought to my hospital apparently blind and in a most emaciated and poverty stricken condition. Behold what a change! Then a heathen—now a Christian deacon; then a great physical sufferer—now a well and useful man. His name is A Kau. When I received him as a patient I found one of his eyes too far gone to save; the other was improved to such an extent that it does him good service. After he had been four months in the hospital he begged the privilege of going to his native village that he might let his wife, mother and his aged grandmother see what the foreign doctor had done for his physical good. During his stay in the hospital he had learned to read the Bible and to love Christ. He had served as janitor long enough to earn money to buy himself a suit of new clothes. And clad in his new garments and with a Bible and hymn-book under his arm he enters his native

village. His relatives and neighbors do not recognize him as the poor blind beggar, A Kau.

When convinced that it was indeed the forlorn man who left them a few months before, their surprise was indeed great. The aged mother said, "You went away a poor blind beggar—you return a clean man in good clothes. The foreign doctor has made a man of you." He replied, "Yes, and better than all that she has made me to know Christ the Great Physician, and I am now a Christian man." And then and there he preached to them all of the saving power of the Christian religion. All of his family and several of his village men became Christians through his influence. He has two bright little girls, Anna, named for me, and Ruth. He loves Scripture names.

October. Among those recently added to our Chinese church is an ex-opium smoker. Three years ago he was cured of the opium habit while a patient in our hospital and he then became a Christian. Since then he has labored earnestly to induce others to give up opium. He has taught the doctrine to his family and neighbors and the wife and several of the neighbors have become Christians. The day he joined the church he came to me leaping over the seats of the chapel exclaiming, "Rejoice with me! They have received me

into the church at last. I have applied five times and they have feared I might again use opium and hence have not accepted me, but today I am a baptized believer and you are the one who through Christ's love has made me what I am."

My readers may be interested in a sample medical prescription given by a native Chinese doctor from a heathen's standpoint :

CHINESE FORMULA FOR OPIUM POISON

2 couples of salted lizards—

2 male and 2 female

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of Korea Ginseng Root

6 dried grasshoppers—3 males
and 3 females

1 ounce sweet potato stalks

1 ounce walnuts

2 ounces black dates

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce elm tree bark

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce devil fish claw

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of hartshorn

$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce birds' claws

$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce dried ginger

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce old coffin nails.

The whole to be mixed with two quarts of water and boiled down to half the quantity and drank as quickly as possible in one dose. A perfect cure warranted—never mind how great the quantity of opium has been taken. This is but a sample prescription—often thirty different drugs and *things* are given in one dose

by the Chinese doctor who knows nothing of our Western medical education.

Lavinia Swasey, a very dear friend of mine and a valued helper in my work at Swatow, passed from earth into the heavenly home January 22, 1912. She was a loving and lovable friend and I deeply mourn her loss. I try to think of her as one not dead but only away. I know she is still deeply interested in Christian work of all kinds. She was a model Christian woman and her sweet, quiet influence was beautiful and fragrant. Her beautiful poise of mind and conduct were always a strength to me. She was undisturbed by the hurry and bustle of life. She was kind and thoughtful, never forgetting life's little courtesies. She was deeply sympathetic in the sorrows of others, always bearing their burdens and soothing their sorrows. "She was as dependable as the hills amid which she spent her girlhood's days." She kept in touch with the great interests of the world. Though a consistent and beloved member of the First Baptist Church, Cleveland, she had none of the rigid attitude toward other denominations which is characteristic of some Baptists. Dear to her were all who love the Master and serve him. She was a constant help and inspiration to her honored husband in all his noble work and benefactions and oh,

how he will miss her wise counsel and loving companionship! It is hard for me to realize that she is no longer in her beautiful home, 7808 Euclid Avenue. I cannot think of her as dead—such as she cannot die. She is only away and in sweet and loving service still, and waiting to welcome her loved ones who will find her again more beautiful, more precious than before.

And still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear one, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
When cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow.
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are.
And when the sunset gates unbar
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

I cannot write an autobiography without giving an appreciation of what Mrs. Ambrose Swasey was to me and to my work in Swatow.

In my medical mission work Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sherwin of Cleveland, Ohio, have been my very faithful and generous helpers. In the construction of Sherwin Bungalow and also in the hospital building they have been my very dependable co-workers. The death of Henry Alden Sherwin was a great shock to me. When I last saw him he seemed so much alive, showed so deep an interest in all worthy benevolences, and now to know he no longer is in his beautiful Winden home gives me a keen sense of loss as well as of sorrow. He was a man of noble character, high ideals and a beautiful home life. He and his noble wife have long been prominent members of the First Baptist Church of Cleveland. They were very helpful to me in the little book, "Korno Siga," I wrote in 1889, just before leaving for China. My two faithful Chinese helpers, Sokhi and A Un, were supported by Mr. Sherwin and now that he is no longer on earth his companion and cordial helper in all good work continues the support of these two medical helpers who are now under Dr. Newman's superintendence. Mr. Sherwin will live always in the memory and love of his numerous friends. Mrs. Sherwin has bravely rallied from the great affliction and is eager to do for all of the varied benevolences of her husband as a faithful steward

of whatever financial means she may have at her control. Of Mr. Sherwin we can truly say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The cares of life all past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee they conquer in the strife
To reign with thee on high.

When I returned from my last home furlough I was deeply impressed with the overworked condition of my missionary co-workers. They were suffering from the poison of fatigue and a destructive change in the intimate condition of cells. A certain degree of fatigue is not injurious provided the needed rest for recuperation is taken. But if a person allows himself to reach a degree of fatigue which with the rest he is able to take afterward it is not possible

for him to rally his overworked system, then the destructive cells are the predominating ones and the tired man is "poisoned by his own products."

If health is to be maintained, activity must be balanced by rest. In my long experience as a missionary I have found that the majority of missionaries work far beyond the proper limit, and as a consequence frequent and long continued furloughs are needed to keep them in good working order. Indeed some are so poisoned by fatigue and staying too long a time at overwork that they are never able to return to their work. How few of our missionaries can truthfully say that they are not daily over-fatigued and hence are poisoned by their own waste products? How many are there who conscientiously stop work before they are overworked, overfatigued and hence poisoned? How few have learned to take their work calmly and quietly, being willing to do less work and rest more often and more conscientiously before poisoned by fatigue?

It is very essential that rest be taken before the poisonous stage of fatigue is reached. I earnestly recommend all tired missionaries to read Miss Josephine Goldmark's book on the effects of overwork. Worry is one of the baneful influences that make the fatigue of the

missionary a very harmful one of destructive metabolism. Do our missionary societies demand of their workers that they poison themselves by fatigue? They do not. I well remember how, when my husband and I were on the eve of sailing for Assam in 1862, our good secretary, Dr. Warren, said to us, "Let me impress upon you two most important lessons: First, 'Be not ravenous to do good.' Second, 'Do thyself no harm.' " I have jotted down a few rules of procedure which I myself have found very beneficial, and have learned after a long period of overworking.

1. Refuse to undertake more work than you can do without overfatigue.
2. Conscientiously guard against hurry and worry.
3. Take rest on the first appearance of overfatigue.
4. Refuse to allow a desire of praise for being "such an active, energetic and efficient missionary" to influence your daily amount of work.
5. Put into daily practice Whittier's helpful words :

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways.
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And bid our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

6. "Be not weary in well doing."
7. "Let your moderation be known unto all men."
8. "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him."

June, 1913. I found in our Girls' and Women's Boarding-Schools 128 students.

In the boys' Academy and boarding-schools 175 students, and in our Theological Seminary twenty students. My hospital student helpers and other students, 21. These schools alone give us a congregation of 344, plus about 50 hospital patients and 20 pupils from the primary schools and from 150 to 200 resident Christians and other people living near our Compound. Thus you see we have no mean number every Sunday in our chapel. An average of 600 in all. Our chapel is too small. We greatly need a new chapel. Who will give us the money for one?

Our kindergarten of 75 children meets in an outside building. In our South China Mission we have 3,500 church members—the English Presbyterian Mission across the bay numbers about the same. There is a large number of adherents in both Missions, and Christian influence is extending far and wide over our district.

It is a grand thing to be a worker in China

at this time. Would that we could have more workers from the homeland. We need them sadly. We are putting responsibility upon each Chinese Christian as he or she is able to carry it. The Chinese Christians make splendid workers but we do need, oh, so much, many more workers from the homeland. Who will come?

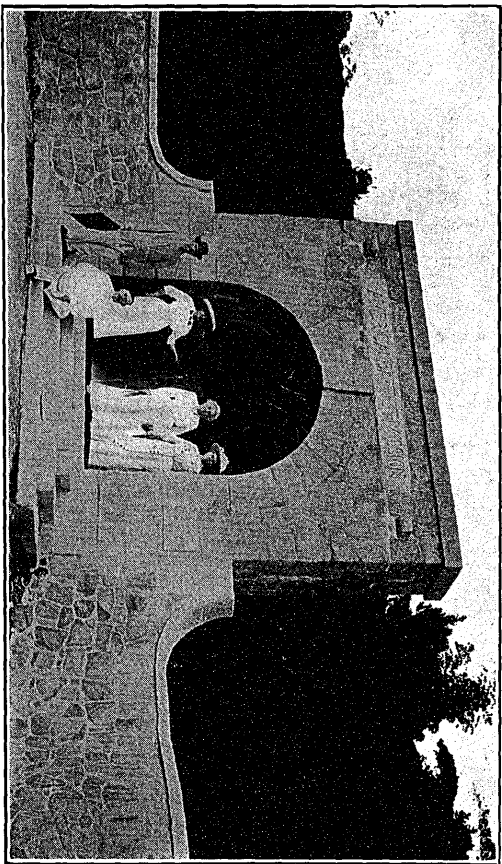
CHAPTER XIV

THE SWASEY ARCH AND MISSION ROAD

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Swasey visited Swatow the second time they were impressed with the idea that so fine a Compound as ours should have an entrance and road of its own. Hitherto we had used a road belonging either to the Imperial Customs or to a shipping firm.

With full directions as to the plan and route of the desired road and generously offering to finance the whole undertaking, Mr. Swasey left the work in the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore. It was no easy task to make a good road through high boulders, which had to be blasted in many places. But day after day we heard the noise of the blasting and the pounding and we realized and highly appreciated the difficult task the Ashmores were having. They worked like Trojans, only in a nobler cause, and it was difficult for us to decide which was the more able engineer, the doctor or his capable, energetic wife.

Although the road leads up a steep hill the ascent was made easy, as steps of stone and



THE SWASEY ARCH

level places were arranged along the way and the concrete, smooth road, with a concrete wall on either side, made a durable piece of workmanship. The work was a tax to the strength and patience of Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore. They certainly have the grateful appreciation of the Mission, and we are proud of our beautiful arch and Mission Road. Very grateful are we to Mr. Swasey for the necessary funds to accomplish this fine addition to the comfort of our Compound.

In old times China was called Cathay, and it is said it was Cathay that Columbus set out to discover, but found America instead.

The Chinese have great reverence for learning, and even waste paper having on it Chinese characters is burned in memory of Confucius, the great sage and philosopher of China, whose writings are held in high esteem and whose memorial tablet is in nearly every house. The tablet of Mencius usually stands in the temples side by side with that of Confucius. Indeed by many Mencius is considered the more able man of the two, but not so great a writer of classics.

The written language is the same all over the country, but the colloquial varies in every district of South China. This makes the work of the missionary difficult—he may speak Can-

tonese fluently but his words not be understood in Swatow. In South China there are eight tones which control the meaning of the spoken words: for instance Káu is a dog while Kâu is a monkey—núg is a woman while nŭg is an egg. North China uses the Mandarin language, which is the court language of China, and is very different from Cantonese or the Swatow dialect. Having learned to speak the Swatow dialect does not at all fit a man to preach in Canton, Amoy or Foochow.

And now in closing this Autobiography I must say a word about China, poor, abused, suffering China. God in his inscrutable wisdom has kept back this wonderful land from modern developments. How old is China? She existed long before Rome or Greece knew of power or even existence. There is a tradition that Noah and his wife made China their habitation after landing from the ark, and there are some things in China's history that make it seem possible that there is some truth in this heathen tradition—certainly the Chinese record of the Flood agrees very remarkably with the Bible account of it. But the name of the man who built the ark was Yu in the Chinese record and not Noah. Whether this man Yu is the same as Xizuthras, the Chaldean Noah, I do not know, but I am of the opinion

that the Yu of Chinese tradition very much antedates the Chaldean Noah. I am a poor scholar in ancient Chinese history, however.

The style of architecture of Chinese houses is of a very simple kind—the houses being made to imitate a tent as far as possible. This fact would go to prove that the Chinese were once a nomadic people. Perhaps that is the reason the ancient Chinese rulers closed the empire so tightly as to the inhabitants going out or Westerners coming in.

China is rich in coal, metals, salt and porcelain clay. Owing to the superstition of the people the mines have not been worked. It was supposed that the angry ancestors would vent their rage upon any one daring to dig for coal or metals. Demons innumerable were supposed to dwell in the depths of the earth. After J. D. Rockefeller had generously given \$200,000 to foreign missions, I one day took occasion to tell our Christian Chinese that Mr. Rockefeller gained his immense wealth by coal taken from the earth—by disturbing those very places which they so much feared to dig into. I tried to convince them that they could all be much better off financially if they would open up mines of different kinds. They were deeply impressed with Mr. Rockefeller's success in such undertakings and they unanimously voted

their thanks and a beautiful scroll. This scroll they entrusted to me to convey to Mr. Rockefeller, who wrote them a card of thanks for the beautiful scroll. China's vast resources will ere long be available for trade with other countries. Superstition in regard both to the opening of mines and railroad traffic is fast disappearing and grand possibilities for United States trade with China are fast opening. Both China and Russia have an unlimited prospect of fine and profitable trade with other countries. I am very glad our government has approved of the \$5,000,000 loan to China.

March, 1914. As I turn my face to the homeland I have grave fears that I may never be able to return to China. To the A. B. F. M. Society I owe much. Both the parent Society and the auxiliary Woman's Society have proved my staunch and true friends, and I have been able always to trust in their good judgment. Their work will always be very dear to me and I trust I may be of some use to them even after I retire from the medical work at Swatow. The home and foreign work are one: both have "one steadfast high intent, one harvest song, one King omnipotent."

I close this journal with these words which express my regret in retiring from this work:

Father, the field is but half turned
And yet my strength is well-nigh spent.
My child, the hour of rest is earned,
Thy day's work done, go home content.
Though other hands should till this soil
Thy work is done, go home content.

I shall never lose life's zest,
Because the last turn in the road will be the best.

Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all
the days of my life.

My daughter, Mrs. Waters, and I left Swatow together and took the *Empress of Russia*, May 13, 1914, reaching Vancouver May 30. It was a great joy to me that my granddaughter, Dr. Mildred Scott, was in Swatow to take my place. As I no longer had strength to do my work satisfactorily it was better for me to leave it in younger, stronger hands and cheerfully go to

The blessed land of room enough beyond the ocean
bars,

Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full
of stars.

God will bless changing China and in the end make her attempt at a Republic a success. It was fifty-three years since I became a foreign missionary—twelve years in Assam, sixteen years at home caring for the education of my

children, and twenty-five years in China. My trained hospital assistants remained on in the work and have proved themselves workers that need not be ashamed. My home in America is with my youngest son, who when his father died was only three weeks old. I am trying to make myself useful at home but my physical strength is not sufficient for the work I fain would do.

February 4, 1916. One of my dearest friends, Mrs. A. M. Bacon, who for many years served the Society of the West as its corresponding secretary, passed away at Morgan Park, Ill., on this day. She peacefully fell asleep and was not, for God took her into the bright world above where she will be given a high and lovely service for her Master. She was a woman of great worth and ability and in her service for the W. B. F. M. Society she showed a judgment most reliable and trustworthy. The young ladies, who from time to time went to the foreign missionary work, found in her a valuable friend and adviser. For many years she and I worked in delightful harmony and her friendship and beautiful letters were a constant source of joy to me. I am very glad that I had many delightful visits with her after I became a retired missionary and while living at Morgan Park, Ill. She was ripe for

the heavenly land and service. I miss her sorely and yet I know it is forever well with her—forever well. Her influence will be felt for good for many years. She was a devoted friend of foreign mission work. Her intellectual ability was of high order and her mind was clear and strong to the end of her life, though she was shut in from active service.

December 12, 1916. As my work has been in the Kakchich department of our Swatow Mission I have naturally confined myself to that place and have not attempted to tell of the able and very efficient work of our missionaries of the inland stations. At Kit Yang Dr. and Mrs. Foster are located and Dr. Edythe Bacon and Miss Northcott are in the work of the Josephine Bixby Hospital.

At Chow Yang are Dr. and Mrs. Grossbeck and our two able doctors, the Leshers, both husband and wife M. D.'s. At Chow-chow-fu are Rev. and Mrs. Baker, M. D., and Rev. and Mrs. Hildreth. At Kayingfu, the Hakka Mission, are Rev. and Mrs. Giffin, Rev. and Mrs. Burket and Miss Louise Campbell. At Ung Kung are Rev. and Mrs. Lewis. At Hopo are Rev. and Mrs. Adams in the Hakka work and Rev. and Mrs. Whitman. At Changning are Rev. and Mrs. Bonsfield. And we also have Rev. and Mrs. Speicher and Miss Withers at

Canton, which is not an inland station, but a large city in which the Southern Baptists have a large work. Allow me also to mention the names of our valued workers in Kakchich, Swatow: Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore, Rev. and Mrs. Waters, Rev. and Mrs. Capen, Rev. and Mrs. Page, Rev. and Mrs. McGlashan, Dr. and Mrs. Newman, Dr. Mildred Scott, Misses Sollman and Traver, and Mrs. R. E. Worley and Miss Cully. It would take another book to tell of the fine qualities of this force of missionaries. Each is a busy, efficient worker in the particular work to which they are appointed by our Missionary Societies.

Of my relations with both the A. B. F. M. Society and the W. A. W. B. M. Society I can speak only in the highest terms.

For eight years my husband and I were treated with much consideration and kindness by the parent Society and when my husband passed away the Woman's Society received me on their force of foreign workers. Nobly have the two Societies stood by me and it is my delight now that I am in the homeland to serve them in any possible way.

Of my fellow missionaries of both Societies, and of the English Presbyterian missionaries I wish to speak in loving testimony of their ability and faithfulness in the Master's work.



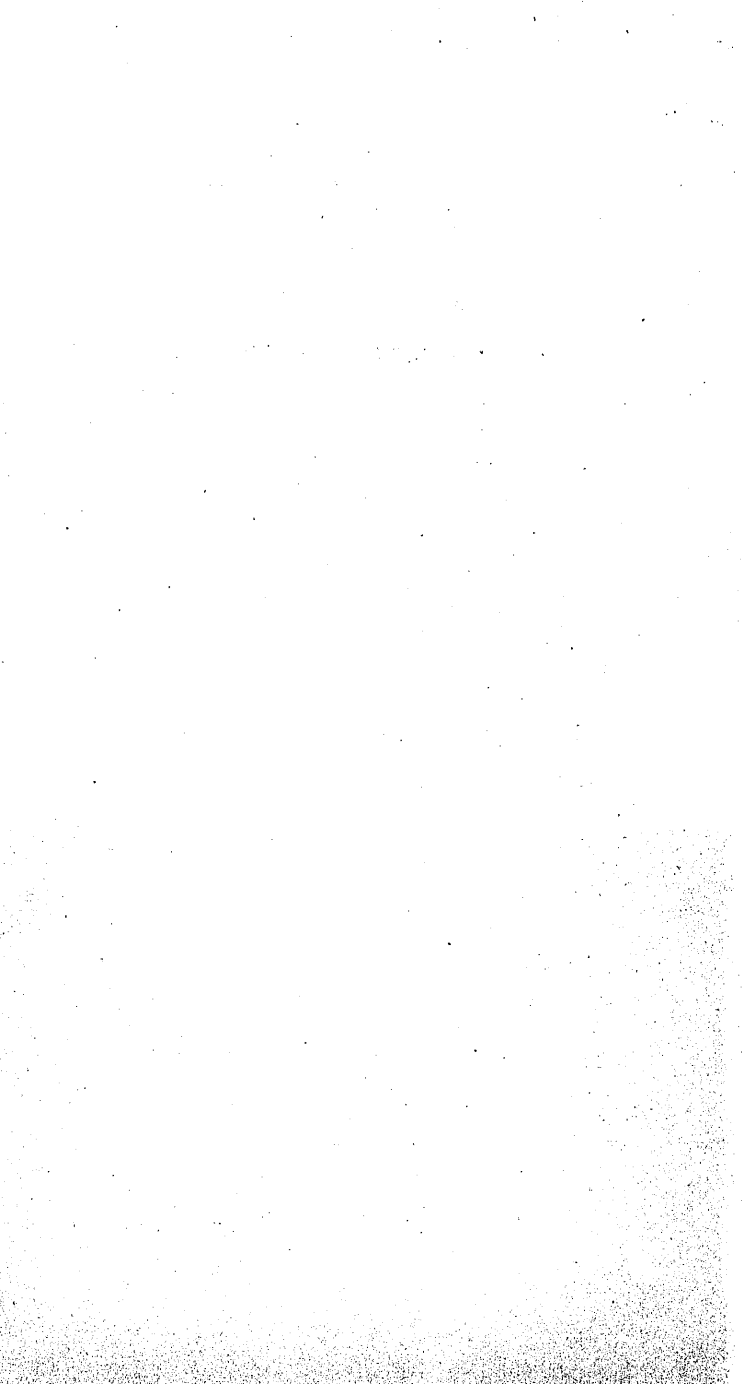
MISSIONARIES OF THE SOUTH CHINA CONFERENCE, A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

Of the Chinese Christians and of my medical helpers only words of praise and fond remembrances are suitable to utter.

My heart's deep interest and my prayers are pledged to the Swatow Mission and the noble band of workers there.

Would that the number of missionaries sent to China could be increased a hundred fold!

THE END



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